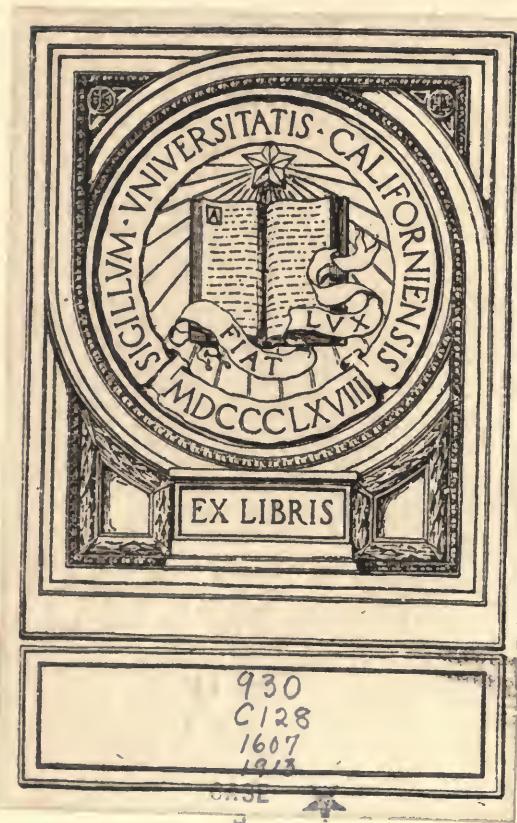


UC-NRLF



B 3 549 125







## The Tudor Facsimile Texts

# The Tragedy of Cæsar and Pompey

*Attributed date of an unknown edition . . . . [1606]*

*Date of original of this Facsimile . . . . . 1607  
(B.M., C 34 b7.)*

*Reproduced in Facsimile . . . . . . . . . 1913*



# The Tudor Facsimile Texts

*Under the Supervision and Editorship of*

JOHN S. FARMER

# The Tragedy of Cæsar and Pompey

1607

LIBRARY OF  
CALIFORNIA

*Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of*  
**THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS**  
MCMXIII



The Tragedy of  
Cæsar and Pompey

1607

*This facsimile is from a copy dated 1607 now in the British Museum.*

*An undated copy (Hazlitt), presumed to be earlier (1606), is in private hands.*

*The original is not good from a photographic point of view. The present facsimile is generally good. The blur on C<sub>2</sub>, v., is due to a mending. Holes in the paper, with more or less discoloured edges, occur on I<sub>1</sub>, recto and v., and on I<sub>4</sub>, recto.*

JOHN S. FARMER.



THE  
T R A G E D I E  
OF  
Cæsar and Pompey.  
OR  
CÆSARS  
Reuenge.

---

Privately acted by the Students of Trinity  
Colledge in Oxford.

---

AT LONDON  
Imprinted for Nathaniel Fosbrooke and John Wright, and are  
to be sold in Pailes Church-yard at the  
Signe of the Helmet.

1607.  
1608.  
1609.  
1610.  
1611.  
1612.  
1613.  
1614.  
1615.

## The names of the Actors.

### Discord.

Titinius.	Roman 1.
Brutus.	Roman 2.
Pompey.	Bonus Genius.
Cesar.	Calphurnia.
Anthony.	Augur.
Dalobella.	Plaenator.
Cornelia.	Senators.
Cleopatra.	Bucolian.
Achillas.	Aetavian.
Sempronius.	Cesars Ghost.
Cassius.	Cicero.
Cato Sen.	Cato Jun.
Cæsa.	Camber.







# The Tragedie of Cæsar and Pompey.

Sounds alarum then flames offire.

Enter Discord.

Heare how the Romaine drums sound bloud & death,  
And Mars high mounted on his Thracian Steede:  
Runs madding through Pharsalias purple fieldes.  
The earth that's woon to be a Tombe for Men  
It's now entomb'd with Carrases of Men.  
The Heauen appal'd to see such hideous sights,  
For feare puts out her ever burning lights.  
The Gods amaz'd (as once in *Titans war,*)  
Do doubt and feare, which boades this deadly iar.  
The starrs do tremble, and forsake their course,  
The Beare doth hide her in forbidden Sea,  
Feare makes Bootes swiften her slowe pace,  
Pale is Orion, Atlas gins to quake,  
And his vnwieldy burthen to forsake.  
Cesars keene Falchion, through the Aduerse rankes,  
For his sterne Master hewes a passage out,  
Through troupes & troonkes, & Steele, & standing blood:  
He whose proud Trophies while on *Asia* field,  
And conquered Pontus, singe his lasting praise.  
Great Pompey, Great, while Fortune did him raise,  
Nowe vailes the glory of his vanting plumes  
And to the ground casts of his high hang'd lookes.  
You gentle Heauens, O execute your wrath  
On vile mortallity, that hath scornd your powers.  
You night borne Sisters to whose haire are ty'd  
In Adamantine Chaines both Gods and Men  
Winde on your webbe of mischiefe and of plagues,  
And if, O starres you haue an influence:  
That may confounde this high erected heape.

A 2

Downe

*The Tragedy*

Downe powrēit; Vomit out your worst of ill's  
Let *Rome*, growne proud, with her vncouquer'd strength,  
Perish and conquer'd Be with her owne strength:  
And win all powers to disioyne and breake,  
Consume, confound, dissolute, and discipate  
What Lawes, Armes and Pride hath raised vp.

*Enter Titinius*

*Tit.* The day is lost our hope and honours lost,  
The glory of the *Romaine* name is lost,  
The liberty and commonweale is lost,  
The Gods that whileom heard the *Romaine* state,  
And *Quirinus*, whose strong puissant arme,  
Did shild the tops and turrets of proud *Rome*,  
Do now conspire to wracke the gallant Ship,  
Euen in the harbour of her wished greatnesse.  
And her gay streamers, and faire wauering sayles,  
With which the wanton wind was wont to play,  
To drowne with Billows of o'rewhelming woes.

*Enter Brutus*

*Bru.* The Foe preuiayles, *Brutus*, thou striuest in vaine.  
Many a soule to day is sent to Hell,  
And many a galant haue I don to death,  
In *Pharsalias* bleeding Earth: the world can tell,  
How little *Brutus* praszd this pufte of breath,  
It losse of that my countries weale might gaine,  
But Heauens and the immortall Gods decreed:  
That *Rome* in highest of her fortunes pitch,  
In top of louerainty and imperiall swaye.  
By her owne height should worke her owne decay.

*Enter Pompey*

*Pom.* Where may I fly into some desert place,  
Some vncouth, vnfreighted craggy rocke,  
Where as my name and state was neuer heard.  
I flie the Battell because here I see,  
My friends lye bleeding in *Pharsalias* earth.  
Which do remember me what earst I was,  
Who brought such troopes of soldiars to the fieldes,  
And of so many thousand had command:

*My*





*of Julius Cesar.*

My flight a heavy memory doth renew,  
Which tells me I was wont to stay and winne.  
But now a soldier of my scattered traine:  
Offered me service and did call me Lord,  
O then I thought whome rising Sunne saw high,  
Descending he beheld my misery:  
Flie to the hollow roote of some steepe rocke,  
And in that flinty habitation hide,  
Thy wofull face from face and view of men.  
Yet that will tell me this, if naught beside:  
*Pompey* was never wont his head to hide.  
Flie where thou wilt, thou beast about thee smart,  
Shame at thy heeles and greate lies at thy heart.

*Tit.* But see *Timius* where two warriers stand,  
Casting their ey-es downe to the cheareles earthe:  
Alasse to soone I know them for to bee  
*Pompey* and *Brutus*, who like *Ajax* stand,  
When as forsooke of Fortune mong't his foes,  
Greife stopt his breath nor could he speake his woes,

*Pom.* Accursed *Pompey*, loe thou art descried.  
But stay; they are thy friends that thou behouldest,  
Or rather had I now haue mett my foes entituled (woes)  
Whose daggers pointes might straight haue pierced my  
Then thus to haue my friends behold my shame.  
Reproch is death to him that liu'd in Fame;

*Bru.* *Brutus.* Cast vp thy discontented looke:  
And see two Princes thy two noble friends,  
Who though it greeues me that I thus them see,  
Yet ioy I to bee seene they living be. *He speakes unto them.*  
Let not the change of this successles sight,  
(O noble Lords,) dismay these dauncingles mindes,  
Which the faire vertue, not blind chance doth rule,  
*Cesar* not vs subdued hath, but *Rome*,  
And in that fight twas best be ouerthrowne.  
Thinke that the Conqueror hath won but smale,  
Whose victory is but his Countries fal;

*Pom.* O Noble *Brutus*, can I liue and see,  
My Souldiers dead, my friends lie slaine in field,

The Tragedy

My hopes cast downe, mine Honors ouerthowne,  
My Countrey subiect to a Tirants rule,  
My foe triumphing and my selfe forlorne.  
O ha! had I perished in that prosperous warre  
Euen in mine Honors height, that happy day.  
When Mithridates fall did rayse my fame:  
Then had I gonae with Honor to my grave:  
But Pompey was by envious heauens reseru'd,  
Captiue to followe Cesar's Chariot wheeles  
Riding in triumph to the Capitol:  
And Rome oft grac'd with Trophies of my fame,  
Shall now resound the blemish of my name.

Bru. Oh what disgrace can taunt this worthinesse,  
Of which remaine such liuing monuments  
Ingrauen in the eyes and hearts of men.  
Although the oppression of distressed Rome  
And our owne ouerthrow, might well drawe forth,  
Distilling teares from faynting cowards eyes,  
Yet shold no weake effeminate passion seafe  
Vpon that man, the greatnesse of whose minde  
And not his Fortune made him term'd the Great.

Pom. Oh I did never tast mitte Honours sweete  
Nor now can i judge of this my sharpest lowre.  
Fiftie eight yeares in Fortunes sweete soft lap  
Haue I beene luld a sleepe with pleasant ioyes,  
Me hath she dandled in her foulding Armes,  
And fed my hopes with prosperous cuentes:  
Shee Crownd my Cradle with successe and Honour,  
And shall disgrace a waite my haples Hearse?  
Was I a youth with Palme and Lawrell girt,  
And now an ould man shall I waite my fall?  
Oh when I thinke but on my triumphs past,  
The Consul-ships and Honours I haue borne;  
The fame and feare where in great Pompey liu'd,  
Then doth my grieved Soule informe me this,  
My fall augmented by my former bille.

Bru. Why do we vise of vertues strength to vant,





*of Julius Caesar.*

If euery crosse a Noble mind can daunt,  
Wee talke of courage, then is courage knowne,  
When with mishap our state is ouerthrowne:  
Neuer let him a Souldiers Title beare.  
Whch in the cheefest brunt doth shrinke and feare,  
Thy former haps did Men thy vertue shew,  
But now that fayles them which thy vertue knew,  
Nor thinke this conquest shalbe Pompeys fall?  
Or that Pharsalia shall thine honour bury,  
*Egypt* shalbe vnpopuled for thine ayde.

And Cole-black *Libians*, shall manure the grounde  
In thy defence with bleeding heaſts of men.

*Pom.* O ſecond hope of ſad oppreſſed *Rome*,  
In whome the ancient *Brutus* vertue shines,  
That purchaſt firſt the *Romaine* liberty,  
Let me imbrace theſt live victorious youth,  
When death and angry fate ſhall call me hence,  
To free thy country from a Tyrants yoke,  
My harder fortune, and more cruell ſtarrs.

Enuiued to me ſo great a happines,  
Do not prolong my life with vaine falſe hopes,  
To deepe diſpaire and ſorrow I ani vow'd:  
Do not remoue me from that ſetled thought,  
With hope of friends or ayde of *Ptolemy*,  
*Egypt* and *Libia* at choyle I haue.  
But onely which of them He make my grane.

*Tit.* Tis bitter diſcomfort which miſgreeues thee this,  
Greefe by diſpaire ſeenies greater then it is,

*Bru.* Tis womaniſh to wayle and moane our greefe,  
By Industrie do wiſe men ſeeke releefe;  
If that our caſting do fall out a mille,  
Our cunning play muſt then corriſt the dice.

*Pom.* Well if it needs muſt bee then let me gee,  
Flying for ayde vnto my forrayne friends,  
And ſue and bow, where earſt I did command.  
He that goeth ſeeking' of a Tirant aide,  
Though free he went, a ſervant then is made.  
Take we our laſt farewel, then though with paine,

Here

The Tragedy

Here three do part that he're shill meet againe.  
Exit Pompey at on dore, Titinius at  
another. Brutus alone.

ACTVS I. SCENA 2

Enter Cesar

Ces. Follow your chace, and let your light-foote steedes  
Flying as swift as did that winged horse  
That with strong fethered pinions cloue the Ayre,  
Or take the coward flight of your base foe.

Brut. Do not with-drawe thy mortall wounding blade,  
But sheath it Cesar in my wounded heart:  
Let not that heart that did thy Country wound  
Feare to lay Brutus bleeding on the ground.  
Thy fatall stroke of death shall more mee gladd,  
Then all thy proud and Pompous victories;  
My funerall Cyppresse, then thy Lawrell Crowne,  
My mournefull Beere shall winne more Praise and Fame  
Then thy triumphing Sun-bright Chariot.  
Heere in these fatall fieldes let Brutus die,  
And beare so many Romaines company.

Cesa. T'was not gainst thee this fatall blade was drawne  
Which can no more pierce Brutus tender sides  
Then mine owne heart, or ought then heart more deere,  
For all the wronges thou didst, or strokes thou gau'st.  
Cesar on thee will take no worse reuenge,  
Then bid thee still comminde him and his state:  
True settled loue can neere bee turn'd to hate.

Brut. To what a pitch woulde this mans vertues sore,  
Did not ambition clog his mounting fame,

Cesar thy sword hath all blisse from me taine  
And giuest me life where best were to be slaine.  
O thou hast robd me of my chiefest ioy,

And seek'st to please me with a babish toye. Exit Brutus.

Ces. Cesar Pharsalia doth thy conquest sound  
Iouss welcom messenger faire Victory,

Hath





*of Iulius Cæsar.*

Hath Crown'd thy temples with victorious bay.  
And lo ioyfull, lo doth she sing  
And through the world thy lasting prayſes ring.  
But yet amidst thy gratefull melody  
I heare a hoarſe, and heauy dolfull voyce,  
Of my deare Country crying, that to day  
My Glorious triumphs worke her owne decay.  
In which how many fatall strokes I gaue,  
So many woundes her tender brest receiu'd.  
Heere lyeth one that's boucher'd by his Sire  
And heere the Sonne was his old Fathers death,  
Both slew vnkowning, both vnkowne are slaine,  
O that ambition shoulde ſuch miſchiefe worke  
Or meane Men die for great mens proud deſire.

ACTVS I. SCENA 3.

*Enter Anthony, Dolobella, Lord and others.*

*An.* From ſad Pharsalia blushing al with bloud,  
From deaths pale triumphes, Pompey ouerthowne,  
Romains in forraine ſoyles, brething their laſt,  
Reuenge, ſtange waſe and dreadfull ſtratagems,  
Wee come to ſet the Lawrell on thy head  
And fill thy eares with triumphs and with joyes.

*Dolo.* As when that Heitor from the Grecian campe  
With ſpoiles of slaughtered Argians return'd,  
The Troyan youths with crownes of conqueſting palme:  
The Phrigian Virgins with faire flowry wrethes  
Welcom'd the hope, and pride of Ilium,  
So for thy victory and conqueſting actes  
Wee bring faire wreths of Honor & renouerne,  
Which ſhall eternally thy head adorne.

*Lord.* Now hath thy ſword made paſſage for thy ſelfe,  
To wade in bloud of them that ſought thy death,  
The ambitious riuall of thine Honors high,  
Whose mightinelle earſt made him to be feard,  
Now flies and is enforc'd to giue thee place.

B

Whilſt

The Tragedy

Whil'st thou remainst the conquering Hercules  
Triumphing in thy spoyles and victories.

Ces. When Phœbus left faire Theis watery couch,  
And peeping forth from out t'ie goulden gate.  
O this bright palace, saw our battle rank'd:  
Oft did hee seeke to turne his fiery steedes,  
Oft hid his face, and shund such tragick sights.  
What stranger passest ever by this cost  
Thee this accursed soyle distainde with blood  
Not Christall riuers, are to quench thy thirst.  
For gouring streames, their riuers cleerenesse staines:  
Heere are no hils wherewith to feede thine eyes,  
But heaped hils of mangled Carkases,  
Heere are no birdes to please thee with their notes:  
But rauenous Vultures, and night Rauens horse.

Anto. What meanes great Ceser, droopes our generall,  
Or meltis in womanish compassyon:  
To see Pharsalias fieldes to change their hewe  
And siluer streames be turn'd to lakes of blood?  
Why Ceser oft hath sacrific'd in France,  
Millions of Soules, to Platoes grisly dames:  
And made the changed-coloured Rhene to blush,  
To beare his bloody burthen to the sea.  
And when as thou in mayden Albion shore  
The Romaine Egle brauely didst aduance,  
No hand payd greater tribute vnto death,  
No heart with more couragious Noble fire  
And hope, did burne with gloriouse great intent.  
And now shall passion base that Noble minde,  
And weake euents that courage ouercome?  
Let Pompey proud, and Pompeys Complices  
Die on our swords, that did envie our liues,  
Let pale Tysphone be cloyd with bloud:  
And snaky furies quench their longing thirst,  
And Ceser live to glory, in their end.

Ces. They say when as the younger African  
Beheld the mighty Carthage wofull fall:  
And sawe her stately Towers to smoke from farre,

He





He wept, and princely teares ran downe his cheekeſ,  
Let pity then and true compassion,  
Move vs to rue no traterous *Carthage* fall,  
No barbarous periurd enemies decay,  
But *Rome* our native Country, haples *Rome*,  
Whose bowels to vngently we haue peerc'd,  
Faire pride of *Europe*, Mistresse of the world,  
Cradle of vertues, nurſe of true renoune,  
Whome *Ioue* hath plac'd in top of ſeauen hills:  
That thou the lower worldes ſeauen climes mightſt rule:  
Thee the proud Parthian and the cole-black *Moore*,  
The ſterne *Tartarian*, borne to manage armes,  
Doth feare and tremble at thy Maieſty.  
And yet I bred and foſtered in thy lappe,  
Durſt ſtrive to ouerthrowe thy Capitol:  
And thy high Turrets lay as low as hell.

*Dolo.* O *Rome*; and haue the powers of Heauen decreed,  
When as thy fame did reach vnto the Skie,  
And the wide *Oceane* was thy Empires boundes,  
And thou enricht with ſpoyleſ of all the world,  
Was waxen proud with peace and foueraine raigne:  
That Ciuell warre ſhould loſe what Forraine won,  
And peace hiſ ioye, be turn'd to luckles broyles.

*Lord.* O *Pompey*, cursed cauſe of ciuell warre,  
Which of thole hel-borne ſterne *Eumenides*:  
Inflam'd thy minde with ſuch ambitious fire,  
As nougħt could quench it but thy Countries bloud.  
*Dolo.* But this no while thy valour doth deſtayne,  
Which foundſt vnsought for cauſe of ciuell broyles,  
And fatall fuell which thiſ fire enflamed.

*Anio.* Let then hiſ death ſet period to thiſ ſtrife,  
Which was begun by hiſ ambitious life.

*Cæſ.* The flying Pompey to *Larissa* hastes,  
And by *Theſſalians* Temple ſhapec hiſ course:  
Where faire *Penēus* tumbles vp hiſ waues,  
Him weeple purſue as fast as he vs flies,  
Nor he though gaſted with *Numidian* horſe,  
Nor ayded with the ynreſiſted powre.

The Merroe, or seauen mouth'd Nile can yeeld:  
No not all Affrick arm'd in his defence  
Shall serue to shrowd him from my fatall sworde. *Exit.*

ACT. I. SC. 4.

*Enter Cato.*

Ca. O where is banish'd liberty exild?  
To Affrick deserts or to Scythia rockes,  
Or whereas siluer streaming Tanais is?  
Happy is India and Arabia blest,  
And all the bordering regions vpon Nile:  
That neuer knew the name of Liberty,  
But we that boast of Brutus and Colatins,  
And glory we expeld proud Tarquins name,  
Do greeue to loose, that we so long haue held:  
Why reckon we our yeates by Consuls names?  
And so long ruld in freedom, now to serue?  
They lie that say in Heauen there is a powre  
That for to wracke the sinnes of guilty men,  
Holds in his hand a fierce three-torked-dart.  
Why would he throw them downe on Oeta mount  
Or wound the vndersinging Rhodope,  
And not rayne showers of his dead-doing darter,  
Furor in flame, and Sulphures smothering heat  
Vpon the wicked and accus'd armes  
That cruell Romans' against their Country beare.  
Rome ware thy fall: those prodiges foretould,  
When angry heauens did powre downe showers of blood  
And fatall Comets in the heauens did blase,  
And all the Statues in the Temple-blast,  
Did weepe the losse of Romaine liberty.  
Then if the Gods haue destined thine end,  
Yet as a Mother hauing lost her Sonne;  
Cato shall waite vpon thy tragick hearse,  
And neuer leaue thy cold and bloodles cors.  
Ile tune a sad and dolfull funerall song,

*Still*





Still crying on lost liberties sweete name,  
Thy sacred ashes will I wash with teares,  
And thus lament my Countries obsequies.

A CT. I. SC. 5.

Enter Pompey and Cornelia.

Cor. O cruel Pompey whether wilt thou flye,  
And leaue thy poore *Cornelia* thus forlorne,  
Is't our bad fortune or thy cruell will  
That still it seuer's in extremity.  
O let me go with thee, and die with thee,  
Nothing shall thy *Cornelia* grieuous thinke  
That shee endures for her sweete Pompeys sake,  
Pom. Tis for thy weale and safty of thy life,  
Whose safty I preferre before the world,  
Because I loue thee more then all the world,  
That thou(sweete loue)should'st heere remaine behinde  
Till prooef assureth Ptolomyes doubted faith.

Cor. O dearest, what shall I my safty call,  
That which is thrust in dangers harmefull mouth?  
Lookes not the thing so bad with such a name,  
Call it my death, my bale, my wo, my hell;  
That which indangers my sweete Pompeys life.

Pom. It is no danger(gentle loue)at all,  
Tis but thy feare that doth it so mi:call.

Cor. If bee no danger let me go with thee,  
And of thy safty a partaker bee,  
Alas why would'st thou leaue mee thus alone:  
Thinkst thou I cannot follow thee by Land  
That thus haue followed thee ouer raging Seas,  
Or do I varie in inconstant hopes:  
O but thinkē you my pleasure luckles is  
And I haue made thee more vnförtnate.  
Tis I,tis I,haue cauld this ouerthrow,  
Tis my accursed starres that boade this ill,  
And those mis-fortunes to my princely loue,

B 3.

Reuenge

Revenge thee Pompey, on this wicked brat,  
And end my woes by ending of my life,

Pom. What meanes my loue to aggrauate my griefe,  
And torture my enough tormented Soule,  
With greater greuance then Pharsalian losse?  
Thy rented hayre doth rent my heart in twayne,  
And these fayr Seas, that raine downe showers of tears,  
Do melt my soule in liqued streames of sorrow.  
If that in Egyp特 any daunger bee,

Then let my death procure thy sweet lives safety,

Cor. Can I bee safe and Pompey in distresse,  
Or may Cornelias suruiue they death,  
What daunger euer happens to my Soule,  
What daunger eke shall happen to my life,  
Nor Libians quick-sands, nor the barking gulfe,  
Or gaping Scylla shall this Vnion part,  
But still Ile chayne thee in my twiwing armes,  
And if I cannot liue Ile die with thee.

Pom. O how thy loue doth ease my greeued minde,  
Which beares a burthen heauier then the Heauen,  
Vnder the which steele-shouldred Atlas grones.  
But now thy loue doth hurt thy selfe and me,  
And thy to ardent strong affection,  
Hinders my seuled resolution.  
Then by this loue, and by these christall eyes,  
More bright then are the Lamps of loues high house,  
Let me in this(I feare)my last request,  
Not to indanger thy beloued life,  
But in this shipp remayne, and here awaite,  
How Fortune dealeth with our doubtfull State,

Cor. Not so perswaded as coniurd sweeteloue,  
By thy commanding meeke petition.  
I cannot say I yeeld, yet am constraind,  
This neuer meeting parting to permit,  
Then go deere loue, yet stay a little while,  
Some what I am shure, tis more I haue to say,  
Nay nothing now but Heauens guide thy steps.  
Yet let me speake, why should we part soone?

Why





of Julius Caesar.

Why is my talke tedious? may be tis the last.  
Do women leane their husbands in such hast,

Pom. More faithfull, then that fayre deflowred dame,  
That sacrificide her selfe to Chastety,  
And far more louing then the *Charian* Queene,  
That dranke her Husb inds never sundred heart.  
If that I dye, yet will it glad my soule,  
Which then shall feede on thos *Elisian* ioyes,  
That in the sacred Temple of thy breast,  
My liuing memory shall shrinde bee.  
But if that envious fates shoud call thee hence,  
And Death with pale and meager looke vsurpe,  
Vpon those rosiate lips, and currall cheeke,  
Then Ayre be turnde, to poyson to infect me,  
Earth gape and swallow him that Heavens hate,  
Consume me Fire with thy deuouring flames,  
Or Water drowne, who else would melt in teares.  
But liue, liue happy still, in safety liue,  
Who safety onely to my life can giue.      *Exit.*

Cor. O he is gon, go hie thee after him.  
My vow forbids, yet still my care is with thee,  
My cryes shall wake the siluer Moone by night,  
And with my teares I will salute the Morne.  
No day shall passe with out my dayly plaints,  
No houre without my prayers for thy returne.  
My minde misgives mee Pompey is betrayd.  
O Egypt do not rob me of my loue.  
Why beareth Ptolomy so sterne a locke?  
O do not staine thy chidish yeares with blood:  
Whil'st Pompey florished in his Fortunes pride,  
Egypt and Ptolomy were faine to serue  
And shue for grace to my distressed Lorde  
But little bootes it, to record he was,  
To be is onely that which Men respect,  
Go poore Cornelius wander by the shore  
And see the waters raging Billowes swell,  
And beate with fury gainst the craggy rockes,  
To that compare thy strong tempestuous griele.

VVhich

The Tragedy

Which fiercely rageth in thy feeble heart,  
Sorrow shuts vp the passage of thy breath:  
And dries the teares that pity faine would shed,  
This onely therefore this will I still crie,  
Let Pompey live although *Cornelia* die.

Exit.

ACTVS I. SCENA 6.

Enter *Cesar*, *Cleopatra*, *Dolobella*, *Lord* and others

*Ces.* Thy sad complaints fayre Lady cannot chuse,  
But mooue a heart though made of Adamant,  
And draw to yeeld vnto thy powerfull plaint,  
I will replant thee in the *Egyptian* Throne  
And all thy wrongs shall *Cesars* vallor right,  
Ile pull thy crowne from the usurpers head,  
And make the Conquered *Ptolomey* to stoope,  
And feare by force to wrong a mayden Queene.

*Cleo.* Looke as the Earth at her great loues approch,  
When goulden tressed fayre *Hipperions* Sonne  
With those life-lending beames salutes his Spouse,  
Doth then cast of her moorning widdowes weeds,  
And calleth her handmayde, forth her flowery fayre,  
To cloth her in the beauty of the spring,  
And offayre primroses, and sweet violets,  
To make gay Garlands for to crowne her head.  
So hath your presence, welcome and fayre sight,  
That glads the world, comforts poore *Egipt* Queene,  
Who begs for succor of that conquering hand,  
That as *Ioues* Scepter this our world doth sway.

*Dolo.* Who would refuse to ayde so fayre a Queene.

*Lord.* Base bee the mind, that for so sweet a fayre,  
Would not aduenture more then *Persens* did,  
When as he freed the faire *Andromeda*.

*Cesar.* O how those louely *Tyranizing* eyes,  
The Graces beautious habitation,  
Where sweet desire, darters woundring shafts of loue,  
Consume my heart with inward burning heate,  
Not onely *Egipt* but all *Africa*,

Will





*of Julius Caesar.*

Will I subiect to Cleopatras name.  
Thy rule shall stretch from vnowne Zarziber,  
Vnto those Sandes where high erected poastes.  
Of great Alcides do vp hold his name,  
The lunne burnt Indians, from the east shall bring:  
Their pretious store of pure refined gould,  
The laboring worme shall weave the Africke twiste,  
And to exceed the pompe of Persian Queene,  
The Sea shall pay the tribute of his peartles.  
For to adorne thy goulden yellow lockes,  
Which in their curled knots my thoughts do hold,  
Thoughtes captiued to thy beauties conquering power.

*Anto.* I matueyle not at that which fables tell,  
How rauisht Hellen moued the angry Greeks,  
To vndertake eleuen yeares tedious seige,  
To re-obtayne a beauty so diuine,  
When I beheld thy sweete composed face.  
O onely worthy for whose matchles sake,  
Another seige, and new warres should arise,  
Hector be dragde about the Grecian campe,  
And Troy againe consumed with Grecian fire.

*Cleo.* Great Prince, what thanks can Cleopatra giue,  
Nought haue poore Virgins to requite such good:  
My simple selfe and seruice then vouchsafe,  
And let the heauens, and he that althings sees.  
With equall eyes such merits recompence,  
I doe not seeke ambitiously to rule,  
And in proud Africa to monarchize.  
I onely craue that what my father gaue,  
Who in his last behest did dying will,  
That I should ioyntly with my brother raigne:

*Biu.* How sweet those words drop from those hunny lips  
Which whilst she speakes they still each other kisse.

*Cesa.* Raigne, I, stil raigne in Casers conquered thoughts,  
There build thy pallace, and thy sun-bright throne:  
There sway thy Scepter, and with it beat downe,  
Those traiterous thoughts(if any dare aryse:)  
That will not yeeld to thy perfection,

C

To

*The Tragedy*

To chase thee flying Pompey have I cut,  
The great Ionian, and Egean seas:  
And dredges past the toylng Hellespont,  
Famous for amorous Leanders death:  
And now by gentle Fortunes so am blest,  
As to beheld what mazed thoughtes admire:  
Heauens wonder, Natures and Earths Ornament,  
And gaze vpon these fury sun-bright eyes:  
The Heauenly spheares which Loue and Beauty moue,  
These Cheekeſ where Lillyes and red-roses striue,  
For soueraignty, yet both do equal raigne:  
The dangling trelles of thy curled haire,  
Nets weau'd to catch our frayle and wandring thoughtes:  
Thy beauty shining like proud Phabus face,  
When Ganges glittereth with his radiant beames  
He on his goulden trapped Palfrey rides,  
That from their nostrels do the morning blow,  
Through Heauenys great path-way paud with shining  
Thou art the fized pole of my Soules ioy. (starres)  
Bout which my restles thoughtes are ouer turn'd:  
My Cynthia, whose glory neuer waynes,  
Guyding the Tide of mine affections:  
That with the change of thy imperious lookes,  
Dost make my doubifull ioyes to eb and flowe.

Cleo. Might all the deedes thy hands had ere achiu'd,  
That make thy farre extolled name to sound:  
From sua-burnt East vnto the VVestern Iles,  
VVhich great Neptunus fouldeſ in his armes,  
It ſhall not be the leaſt to ſeat a Maide,  
And inthronize her in her native right.

Lord. VVhat neede you ſtand diſputing on your right,  
Or prouing title to the Egypitian Crowne:  
Born to be Queene and Emprefſe of the world.

An. O thy perfection let me euer gaze,  
And eyes now learne to treade a louers maze,  
Heere may you ſurfeſt with delicious ſtore,  
The more you ſee, deſire to looke the more:  
Upon her face a garden of delite,

*Exceeding*





*of Inlyss Cesar.*

Exceeding far Adonis fayned Bowre,  
Heere staind white Lylies spread their branches faire,  
Heere lips send forth swete Gilly-flowers smell,  
And Damasck-rose in her faire cheeke do bud,  
Vvhere beds of Violets still come betweene  
Vvith fresh variety to please the eye,  
Nor neede these flowers the heate of Phabus beames,  
They cherisht are by vertue of her eyes.  
O that I might but enter in this bowre,  
Or once attaine the cropping of the flower.  
*Ces.* Now wend we Lords to Alexandria,  
Famous for those wide wondred Piramids.  
Whose towring tops do seeme to threat the skie,  
And make it proud by presence of my loue:  
Then Paphian Temples and Cytherian hils,  
And sacred Emides bonnet vaile to it,  
A fayrer saint then Venus there shall dwell.  
*Antho.* Led with the lode-starre of her lookes, I go  
As crazed Bark is toll'd in trobled Seas,  
Vncertaine to arive in wished port.

A C T . I .      F I N I S .

*Enter Discord.*

*Flashes of fire.*

*Antho.* Now Cesar hath thy flattering Fortune heapt  
Those golden gftis and promisd victories,  
By fatall signes at Rubicon foretould:  
Then triumph in thy glorious greatest pride,  
And boast thou cast the lucky Die so well,  
Now let the Triton that did sound alarme,  
In his shrill trump resound the victory,  
That Heauen and Earth may Ecco of thy fame:  
Yet thinke in this thy Fortunes Iollity.  
Though Cesar be as great as gteat may be,  
Yet Pompey once was euen as great as he,  
And how he rode clad in Setorius spoyles:  
And the Sicilian Pirats ouerthrowe.

*The Tragcy*

Ruling like *Nepoune* in the mid-land Seas,  
Who basely now by Land and Sea doth flic,  
The heauenly *Rectors* prosecuting wrath,  
Yet Sea nor Land can shroud him from this iar,  
O how it ioyes my discord thirsing thoughts,  
To see them waight, that whilom flow'd in blisse,  
To see like *Burners*, vnlke quarrels haue.  
And *Roman* weapons shethd in *Roman* blood,  
For this I left the deepe Infernall shades  
And past the sad *Auernus* vgly iawes,  
And in the world cam: I, being *Discord* hight,  
*Discord* the daughter of the greesly night.  
To make the world a hell of plauges and woes,  
Twas I that did the fatal Aple fling,  
Betwixt the three *Idean* goddesses,  
That so much blood of *Greekes* and *Troians* spilt,  
Twas I that caused the deadly *Thebans* warre,  
And made the brothers swell with endelesse hate.  
And now O *Rome*, woe, woe, to thee I cry  
Which to the world do bring al misery.

ACTVS 2. SCENA 4.

Enter *Achillas*, and *Sempronius*.

*Ach.* Here are we placed, by *Ptolomies* command,  
To murther *Pompey*, when he comes on shore,  
Then braue *Sempronius* prepare they selfe,  
To execute the charge thou hast in hand,

*Sem.* I am a *Romaine*, and haue often serued,  
Vnder his colours, when in former state,  
*Pompey* hath bin the Generall of the field,  
But cause I see that now the world is changd:  
And like wise feele some of King *Ptolomeis* gould.  
Ile kill him were he twenty Generalls,  
And send him packing to his longest home.  
I maruell of what mettell was the *French* man made,  
Who when he shoulde haue stabbed *Marius*,

They





*of Julius Cesar.*

They say he was astonisched with his lookes.  
Marcius, had I beeene there, thou neere hadst liu'd,  
To brag thee of thy seauen Consulships.

Achil. Brauely resolu'd, Noble Sempronius,  
The damnedst villaine that ere I heard speake:  
But great men still must haue such instruments,  
To bring about their purpose, which once donne,  
The deede they loue, but do the doer hate:  
Thou shalt no lesse stout Romaine be renown'd,  
For being Pompey's Deaths-man, then was he,  
That fir'd the faire Egiptian Goddesse Church.

Sem. Nay that's al one, report say what she list,  
Tis for no shadowes I aduenture for:  
Heere are the Crownes, heere are the wordly goods,  
This betweene Princes doth contention bring:  
Brothers this sets at odds, turnes loue to hate,  
It makes the Sonne to wish his Father hang'd  
That he thereby might reuell with his bagges:  
And did I knowe that in my Mothers womb,  
There lurk'd a hidden vaine of Sacred gould,  
This hand, this sword, should rape and rip it out.

Achil. Compassion would that greedinesse restraine.  
Sem. Ithat's my fault, I am to compassionate,  
Why man, art thou a souldier and dost talke  
Of womanish pity and compassion?  
Mens eyes must mil-stones drop, when fooles shid teares,  
But soft heeres Pompey, ile about my worke

*Enter Pompey.*

Pom. Trusting vpon King Ptolomeys promis'd fayth,  
And hoping succor, I am come to shore:  
In Egipt heere a while to make aboade.

Sem. Fayth longer Pompey, then thou dost expect.

Pom. See now worlds Monarchs, whom your state makes.  
That thinke your Honors to be permanent, (proud)  
Of Fortunes change see heere a president,  
Who whilom did command, now must intreate  
And sue for that which to accept of late,  
Vnto the giuer was thought fortunate.

C. 3.

Sem.

*The Tragedy*

*Sem.* I pray thee Pompey do not spend thy breath,  
In reckning vp these rusty titles now,  
Which thy ambition grac'd thee with before,  
I must confess thou wert my Generall,  
But that cannot availe to sauе thy life.  
Talke of thy Fortune while thou list,  
There is thy fortune Pompey in my fist.

*Pom.* O you that know what hight of honor meane,  
What tis for men that lulled in fortunes lap,  
Haue clim'd the heighest top of soueraignety.  
From all that pomp to be cast hed-long downe,  
You may conceaue what Pompey doth sustayne,  
I was not wont to walke thus all alone,  
But to be met with tioopes of Horse and Men:  
With playes and pageants to be entartaynd,  
A courtly trayne in roiall rich aray,  
With spangled plumes, that daunced in the ayre,  
Mounted on steeds, with braue Ciparisons deckt,  
That in their gates did seeme to scorne the Earth,  
Was wont my intartayntment beautifie,  
But no w thy comming is in meaner sort,  
They by thy fortune will thy welcom rate.

*Sem.* What dost thou for such entartaynement looke,  
Pompey how ere thy comming hether bes,  
I haue prouided for thy going hence.

*Ach.* I will draw neere, and with fayre pleasing shew,  
Wellcome great Pompey as the Siren doth  
The wandering shipman with her charming song.

*Pom.* O how it greeues a noble hauty mind,  
Framed vp in honors vncontroled schoole,  
To serue and sue, whoe erst did rule and sway?  
What shall I goe and stoope to Ptolomey,  
Nought to a noble mind more greefe can bring  
Then be a begger where thou wert a King,

*Ach.* Wellcome a shone molt great and gratiouse prince  
Welcome to Egipt and to Ptolomey.  
The King my Maister is at hand my Lord,  
To gratulate your late ariuall heere.

*Sem.*





*of Julius Cesar.*

*Sem.* This is the King, and here is the Gentleman,  
Which I must thy comming grataulate a non,

*Pom.* Thanks worthy Lord vnto your King and you,  
It ioyes me much that in extremity,  
I found so sure a friend as *Pictemey*,

*Sem.* Now is the date of thy proud life expird,  
To which my poniard must a full poyns put,

*Pompey from Ptolomey* I come to thee,  
From whome a presant and a guist I bring,  
This is the gift and this my meshage is

*Stab him*

*Pom.* O Villaine thou hast slayne thy Generall,  
And with thy base hand gor'd my roiall heart.  
Well I haue liued till to that heighth I came,  
That all the world did tremble at my name,  
My greatnesse then by fortune being enuided,  
Stabbd by a murtherous villaynes hand I died.

*Ach.* What is he dead, then straight cut of his head,  
That whilom mounted with ambitions winges  
*Cesar* no doubt with praise and noble thanks,  
Regarding well this well deserved deede,  
Whome weeble present with this most pleasing gift,

*Sem.* Los you my maisters, bee that kills but one,  
Is straight a Villaine and a murtherer calid,  
But they that vse to kill men by the great,  
And thousandes slay through their ambition,  
They are braue champions, and stout warriors cald,  
Tis like that he that steales a rotten sheepe  
That in a dich wold else haue cast his hide,  
He for his labour hath the haltars hier.  
But Kings and mighty Princes of the world,  
By letter pattens rob both Sea and Land.  
Do not then *Pompey* of thy murther plaine,  
Since thy ambition halfe the world hath slayne,

ACTVS 2. SCENA 2.

Enter *Cornelia*.

*Corne.* O traitorous villaines, hold your murthering hands,  
Or

The Tragedy

Or if that needes they must be walst in b!ood,  
Imbrue them heere, heere in Cornelias brest.  
Ay mee as I stood looking from the Ship  
(Accursed shippe that did not sinke and drownē:  
And so haue sau'd me from so loa.h'd a sight)  
Thee to behold what did betide my Lord,  
My Pompey deere(nor Pompey now nor Lord)  
I sawe those villainēs that but now were heere:  
Bucher my loue and then with violence,  
To drawe his deare beloued Body hence;  
What dost thou stand to play the Oratrix,  
And tell a tale of thy deere husbands death?  
Doth Pompey, doth thy loue moue thee no more?  
Go cursed Cornelia rent thy wretched haire,  
Drownē blobred cheekes in seas of saltēst teares.  
And if, it be true that sorrowes feeling powre,  
Could turne poore Niobe into a weeping stone  
O let mee weepe a like, and like stone be,  
And you poore lights, that sawe this tragick sight,  
Be blind and punnish'd with eternall night.  
Vnhappy long to speake, bee neare so bould  
Since that thou this so heauy tale hast tould.  
These are but womanish exclamations  
Light sorrowē makes such lamentations,  
Pompey no words my true griefe can declare,  
This for thy loue shalbe my best welfare. *Stab her selfe.*

A C T . 2 .      S C E . 3 .

*Enter Caesar, Cleopatra, e Anthony,  
Dolobella, a Lord,*

*Cesar.* There sterne Achillas and Fortunius lie,  
Traytorous Sempronius and proud Ptolomey,  
Go plead your cause fore the angry Rhadamanth,  
And tel him why you basely Pompey slew.  
And let your guilty blood appease his Ghost,  
That now fits wandring by the Stygian bankes,  
Vnworthy





*of Julius Caesar.*

Vnworthy sacrifice to quite his worth,  
For Pompey though thou wert mine enemy,  
And vayne ambition mou'd vs to this strife;  
Yet now in death when strife and enuy cease.  
Thy princely vertues and thy noble minde,  
Moue me to rne thy vndeserved death,  
That found a greater daunger then it fled;  
Vnhappy man to scape so many wars,  
And to protra & thy glorious day so long,  
Here for to perish in a barbarous soyle,  
And end liues date si abd by a Bastards hand,  
But yet with honour shal ethou be Intomb'd,  
I will enbalme thy body with my teares,  
And put thy ashes in an Vrne of gold,  
And build with marble a deserued graue.  
*Dol.* See how compassion drawes foorth Princely teares  
And Virtue weepes her enemies funerall,  
So sorrowed the mighty *Alexander*,  
When *Bessus* hand caus'd *Darius* to die.

*Ant.* These greeued sorrowing Princes do with us,  
Ioyntly agree in Contrariety,  
Alacke we mourne, greeued is our mind alike,  
Our gare is discontented, heauy our lookes,  
Our sorrowes all a like, but dislike cause.  
Their foe is their grises causer which my friend,  
It is the losse of one that makes them wayle,  
But I, that one there is a cruell one,  
Do wayle and greeue and vnregarded mone.  
Fayre beames cast forth from these dismayfull eyes,  
Chaine my poore heart, in loue and sorrowes giues,  
*Cleo.* Forget sweete Prince these sad perplexed thoughts,  
Withdraw thy mind in clowdy discontent,  
And with *Egyptian* pleasures feed thine eyes,  
Wilt thou be hould the Sepulchers of Kings,  
And Monuments that speake the workemens prayse?  
Ile bring thee to Great *Alexanders* Tombe,  
Where he, whome all the world could not suffice,

*The Tragedy*

In bare six foote of Earth intombed lies,  
And shew thee all the cost and curious art,  
Which either Cleops or our Memphis boast:  
Would you command a banquit in the Court,  
Ile bring you to a Royall goulden bowre,  
Fayrer then that wherein great loue doth sit,  
And heaues vp boles of Nectar to his Queene;  
A stately Pallace, whose fayre doble gates:  
Are wrought with garnish'd Carued Iuory,  
And stately pillars of pure bullion fram'd.  
With Orient Pearles and Indian Stones imbold,  
With golden Roofes that glister liké the Sunne,  
Shalbe prepard to enterteine my Loue:  
Or wilt thou see our Academick Schooles,  
Or heare our Priests to reason of the starres,  
Hence Plato fecht his deepe Philosophy;  
And heere in Heauenly knowledg they excell.

Antho. More then most faire another Heauen to me,  
The starres where on Ile gaze shalbe thy face,  
Thy morall deedes my sweete Philosophy,  
Venus the muse whose ayde I must implore:  
O let me profit in this study best,  
For Beauties scholler I am now prest.

Lord. See how this faire Egyptian Sorceress,  
Enchantes these Noble warriars man-like mindes,  
And melts their hearts in loue and wantones.

Ces. Most glorious Queene, whose cheerefull smiling  
Expell these cloudes that ouer cast my minde. (words)  
Cesar will ioy in Cleopatras ioy,  
And thinke his fame no whit disparaged,  
To change his armes, and deadly sounding droms,  
For loues sweete Laies, and Lydian harmony,  
And now hang vp these Idle instruments.  
My warlike speare and vncontroled crest:  
My mortall wounding sword and siluer shield,  
And vnder thy sweete banners beare the brunt,  
Of peacefull warres and amorous Alarmes:  
Why Mars himselfe his bloody rage alayd,

Dallying





*of Iulius Cesar.*

Dallying in Venus bed hath often playd,  
And great Alcides, when he did returne:  
From Junos talkes, and Nemeian victories,  
From monstres fell, and Nemeian toyles:  
Reposed himselfe in Deianiras armes.  
Heere will I pitch the pillars of my fame.  
Heere the *non ultra* of my labors write,  
And with these Cheeke of Rotes, lockes of Gold,  
End my liues date, and trauayles manisfould.

*Dolo.* How many lets do hinder vertuous mindes,  
From the pursuit of honouris due reward,  
Besides Ciribdis, and fell Scyllas spight;  
More dangerous Circē and Calipsoes cup,  
Then pleasant gardens of Alcionus:  
And thousand lets voluptuousnesse doth offer.

*Cef.* I will regard no more these murtherous spoyles,  
And bloody triumphs that I lik'd of late:  
But in loues pleasures spend my wanton dayes,  
Ile make thee garlondes of sweete smelling flowers,  
And with faire rosall Chaplets crowneth thy head,  
The purple Hyacinth of Phabus Land:  
Fresh Amarinthus that doth never die,  
And faire Narcissus deere respondent shoars,  
And Violets of Daffadilles so sweete,  
Shall Beautify the Temples of my Loue,  
Whil'st I will still gaze on thy beautious eyes,  
And with Ambroseen kisles bath thy Cheeke.

*Cleo.* Come now faire Prince, and feast thee in our Courts  
Where libe: all Ceres, and Licius fat,  
Shall powre their plenty forth and fruitfull store,  
The sparkling liquor shall ore flow his bankes:  
And Merol learnie to bring forth pleasant wine,  
Fruithull Arabia, and the furthest Ind,  
Shall spend their treasures of Spicery,  
VVith Nardus Coranets weele guird our heads;  
And al the while melodious warbling notes,  
Passing the seauen-fould harmony of Heauen:  
Shall seeme to rauish our enchanted thoughts,

The Tragedy

Thus is the feare of vnkinde Rtolonsey,  
Changed by thee to feast in lollity.

*Antho.* O how mine eates suck vp her heavenly words,  
The whil'st mine eyes do prey vpon her face:

*Ces.* Winde we then *Anthony* with this Royall Queene,  
This day weelee spend in mirth and banqueting.

*Antho.* Had I Qneene, Juno's heard-mans hundred eies,  
To gaze vpon these two bright Sunnes of hirt:  
Yet would they all be blinded instantly.

*Ces.* VVhat hath some Melancholy discontent,  
Ore-come thy minde with trobled passions.

*Ant.* Yet being blinded with the Sunny beames,  
Her beauties pleasing colours would restore,  
Decayed sight with fresh variety.

*Lord.* Lord *Anthony* what meanes this trobled minde,  
*Cesar* invites thee to the royall feast,  
That faire Queene Cleopatra hath prepard.

*Antho.* Pardon me worthy *Cesar* and you Lords,  
In not attending your most gratiouys speech  
Thoughts of my Country, and returne to *Rome*,  
Somewhat distempered my busy head.

*Ces.* Let no such thoughts distemper now thy minde,  
This day to *Bacchus* will wee consecrate,  
And in deepe goblets of the purest wine,  
Drinke healths vnto our seuerall friends at home.

*Antho.* If of my Country or of *Rome* I thought,  
Twas that I never ment for to come there,  
But spend my life in this sweete paradise. *Exeunt.*

A C T . 2 .      S C E . 4 .

Enter *Cicero, Brutus, Casca, Camber, Trebonius*.

*Cice.* Most prudentheads, that with your councells wise,  
The pillars of the mighty *Rome* sustaine,  
You see how ciuill broyles haue torne our states  
And priuate strife hath wrought a publique wo,  
*Thessalia* boasts that she hath seene our fall,

And





And Rome that whilom wont to Tiranize,  
And in the necks of all the world hath rang'd,  
Loosing her rule, to serue is now constaynd,  
Pompey the hope and stay of Common-weale,  
VVhose vertues promis'd Rome security  
Now flies distrest, disconsolate, forlorne,  
Reproch of Fortune, and the victors scorne.

Ces. VVhat now is left for wretched Rome to hope,  
But in lamentes and bitter future woe,  
To wey the downefall of her former pride:  
Againe Porsenna brings in Tarquinis names,  
And Rome againe doth smoke with furidus flames.  
In Pompeys fall wee all are ouerthrownie,  
And subiect made to conqueror Tirany.

Bru. Most Noble Cicero and you Romaine Peeres,  
Pardon the author of vnhappy newes,  
And then prepare to heare my tragick tale.  
VVith that same looke, that great Astides flood,  
At cruell alter staind with Daughters blood,  
VVhen Pompey fled pursuing Cesars sword,  
And thought to shun his following desteny.  
And then began to thinke of many a friend  
And many a one recalled bee to minder  
Who in his Fortunes pride did leave their liues,  
And vowed service at his princely feete,  
From out the rest, the yong Egiptian King,  
VVhose Father of an Exild banish'd man  
Hee seated had in thronе of Maiesty,  
Him chose, to whome he did commit his life,  
(But O, who doth remember good-turries past)  
The Rising Sunne, not Setting, doth men please,  
To ill committed was so great a trust,  
Vnto so base a: Fortune fauoring munde.  
For he the Conquerors fauor to obtaine,  
By Treason caulf'd great Pompey to be slaine:

Cesca. O dammed deedee

Can. O Trayterous Ptolomey.

Tre. O most vnworthy and vngratefull fact.

The Tragey

Cum. What plages may serue to expiate this act,  
The rouling stone or euerturning wheele,  
The quenchles flames of firy Phlegeton,  
Or endles thirst of which the Poets take,  
Are a'll to gentle for so vilde a deede.

Cas. Well did the Sibills vnrespected verse.  
Bid thee beware of Crocadilish Nile,

Ter. And art thou in a barbarous soyle betrayd,  
Defrawded Pompey of thy funerall rites,  
There none could weepe vpon thy funerall hearse,  
None could thy Consulshipes and triumphs tell,  
And in thy death let fourth thy liuing praise,  
None would erect to thee a sepulcher,  
Or put thine ashes in a precious yrne,

Cic. Peace Lords lament not noble Pompeys death,  
Nor thinke him wretched, cause he wants a Tombe,  
Heauen couers him whome Earth denyes a graue:  
Thinke you a heape of stones could him inclose,  
Whoe in the Oceans circuite buried is,  
And every place where Roman names are heard,  
The world is his graue, where liuing fame doth blaze,  
His funerall praisc through his immortall triump,  
And ore his tombe vertue and honor sits,  
With rented heare and eyes bespent with teares,  
And waile and weepe their deere sonne Pompeys death,

Bru. But now my Lords for to augment this griefe,  
Cesar the Senates deadly enimie,  
Aimies eke to vs, and meanes to tryumph heere,  
Vpon poore conquered Rome and common wealth,

Cas. This was the end at which he alwayes aynd,  
Ter. Then end all hope of Romaines liberty,  
Rise noble Romaine, rise from rotten Tombes,  
And with your swordes recover that againe:  
With your braue prowes won, our basenes lost,

Gic. Renowned Lords content your trobled minds,  
Do not ad Fuell to the conquerors fier.  
Which once inflamed will borne both Rome and vs.  
Cesar although of high aspiring thoughtes,

And





*of Iulius Cesar.*

And vncoutrould ambitious Maiesty,  
Yet is of nature faire and courteous,  
You see hee commeth conqueror of the East  
Clad in the spoyles of the Pharselian fieldes,  
Then wee vnable to resist such powre:  
By gentle peace and meeke submision,  
Must seeke to pacify the victors wrath.

*Enemue.*

ACT. 2. SCE. 5.

Enter Cato Senior, and Cato Junior.

Cat.Sen. My Sonne thou seeest howe all are ouerthrowne,  
That sought their Countries free-domē to maintaine,  
Egipt forsakes vs, Pompey found his graue,  
VVhere hee most succor did expect to haue:  
Scipio is ouerthrowne and with his haples fall,  
Affrick to vs doth former ayde denay,  
O who will helpe men in aduersity:  
Yet let vs shewe in our declining state,  
That strength of minde, that vertues constancy,  
That erst we did in our felicity,  
Though Fortune fayles vs lets not sayle our selues,  
Remember boy thou art a Romaine borne,  
And Catoes Sonne, of me do vertue learne;  
Fortune of others, above althings see  
Thou prize thy Countries loue and liberty,  
All blessings Fathers to their Sonnes can wish.  
Heauens powre on thee, and now my sonne with-drawe  
Thy selfe a while and leaue me to my booke.

Cat.Jun. What meanes my Father by this solemne leaue?  
First he remeined me of my Fortunes change,  
And then more earnestly did we exhort  
To Countries loue, and constancy of minde,  
Then he was wont: somwhat the cause,  
But what I knowe not, O I feare I feare,  
His to courageous heart that cannot beare  
The thrall of Rome and triumph of his foe,

*By.*

*The Tragedy*

By his owne hand threatens danger to his life,  
How ere it be at hand I will abide,  
Vvayting the end of this that shal betide.

*Exit.*

*Cato Sen. with a booke in his hand.*  
Cato Sen. Plato that promised immortality,  
Doth make my soleil resolute it selfe to mount,  
Vnto the bowre of those Celestiall joyes,  
VWhere freed from loathed Prison of my soule,  
In heauenly notes to Phaebus which shall sing:  
And Peare so, Peare louely ring.  
Then fayle not hand to execute this deede,  
Nor faint nor heart for to command my hand,  
VVauer not minde to counsell this resolute,  
But with a courage and thy liues last act,  
Now do I give thee Rome my last farewell.  
Who cause thou fearest ill do therefore die,  
O talke not now of Cannas ouerthrowes,  
And raze out of thy lasting Kalenders,  
Those bloody songs of Hilius dismal fight,  
And note with black, that black and cursed day,  
When Caesar conquered in Pharsalia,  
Yet will not I his conquest glorie,  
My ouerthrow shall seere his triumph grace,  
For by my death to the world Ile make that knowne,  
No hand could conquer Cato but his owne.

*Stabs himself.*  
*Enter Cato Junior running to him.*

Cato Jun. O this it was my minde told me before,  
VWhat meanes my Father, why with naked blade,  
Dost thou assault, that fauifull princely hand:  
And makst the basd Earth to drinke thy Noble bloud,  
Bee not more sterne, and cruell aginst thy felte,  
Then thy most hateful enemies would be,  
No Parthian, Gaul, Moore, no not Cesars selfe,  
VVoult with such cruelty thy worth repay,  
O stay thy hand, give me thy fatall blade:  
VWhich turnes his edge and waxeth blunt to wound,  
A brest so fraught wt vertue excellent.

Cato Seni. VVhy dost thou let me of my firme resolute,

*Vnkinde*





OF INIUS Cæsar.

Vnkinde boy hinderer of thy Fathers ioy,  
Why doſt thou ſlay me, or wilt thou betray  
Thy Fathers life vnto his foe-mens hands,  
And yet I wrong thy faith, and loue too much,  
In thy ſoules kindenesse, tis thou art vnkinde.

Cat. Jun. If for your ſelfe you do this life reiect,  
Yet you your Sonnes and Countries: ſake reſpeſt,  
Rob not my yong yeares of ſo sweete a stay,  
Nor take from Rome the Pillor of her Strength.

Cat. Sene. Although I die, yet do I leaue behinde,  
My vertues fauor to bee thy youths guide:  
But for my Country, could my life it profit,  
Ile not refufe to haue that died for it,  
Now doth but one ſmal ſnuffe of breath remaine:  
And that to keepe, ſhould I mine Honor staine?

Cat. Jun. Where you do ſtrive to ſhew your vertue moſt,  
There more you do diſgrace it Cowards vſe,  
To ſhun the woes and troubles of this life:  
Basely to flie to deaths ſafe ſanctuary,  
When conſtant vertues doth the hottel brunt's,  
Of grieves auaultes vnd the end endure.

Cat. Sene. Thy words preuaile, come lift me vp my Son,  
And call ſome help to bind me my bleeding wounds.

Cat. Jun. Father I go with a more willing minde,  
Then did Aeneas when from Trojan fire,  
He bare his Father, and did ſo restore:  
The greatest gift hee had receiuied before.      Exit:

Cat. Sene. Now haue I freed mee of that hurtfull Loue,  
Which interrupted my reſolved will,  
Which all the world can never stay nor change:  
Cæſar whose rule commands both Sea and Land,  
Is not of powre to hinder this weake hand,  
And time ſucceeding ſhall behold that I  
Although not liue, yet died courraſiouſly.      *ſtab himſelfe.*

Enter Cato Junior.

Cat. Jun. O haſt thou thus to thine owne harme deceiu'd me  
Well I perceiue thy Noble dauntles heart:  
Because it would not beare the Conquerors iſolence,

*The Tragedy*

Vsed on it selfe this cruell violence,  
I know not whether I should more lament,  
That by thine owne hand thou thus slaughtred art,  
Or loy that thou so nobly didst depart.

*Exit.*

*FINIS ACTVS. 2.*

*Enter Discord.*

*Dis.* Now Cesar rides triumphantly through *Rome*,  
And deckes the Capitoll with Pompeys spoyle:  
Ambition now doth vertues seat usurp,  
Then thou Reuengfull great *Adastra* Queene.  
Awake with horror of thy dubbing Drumme,  
And call the snaky furies from below,  
To dash the loy of their triumphing pride,  
*Erinnis* kindle now thy *Stigian* brands,  
In discontented *Braesus* boyling brest,  
Let *Cesar* die a bleeding sacrifice,  
Vnto the Soule of thy dead Country *Rome*.  
Why sleepest thou *Cassius*? wakethee from thy dreame:  
And yet thou naught dost dreame but blood and death,  
For dreadiull visions do affright thy sleepe.  
And howling Ghosies with gasty horrors cry,  
By *Cassius* hand must wicked *Cesar* die,  
Now *Rome* cast of thy gaudy painted robes  
And cloth thy selfe in tale colored weedes,  
Change thy vaine triumphs into funerall pomps,  
And *Cesar* cast thy Laurell crowne apart,  
And bind thy temples with sad *Cypres* tree,  
Of warrs thus peace insues, of peace more harmes,  
Then erst was wrought by tragick warrs alarmes,

*Exit.*

*ACT. 3. S C E. 1.*

*Enter Cassius.*

*Cas.* Harke how *Cesarians* with resounding shoutes,  
Tell heauens of their pomps and victories,

*Cesar*





*of Julius Caesar.*

*Cesar* that long in pleasures id'e lap,  
And daliance vayne of his Proud Curtezan,  
Had luld his sterne and bloody thoughts a sleepe,  
Now in *Rome* streets ore *Romaines* come to triumph,  
And to the *Romains* shewes those *Tropheyes* sad,  
Which from' the *Romaines* he with blood did get:  
The Tyrant mounted in his goulden chayre,  
Rides drawne with milke white palfieries in like pride,  
As *Phabus* from his Orientall gate,  
Mounted vpon the firy *Phlegtons* backes.  
Comes prauincing forth, shaking his dewie locks:  
*Cesar* thou art in glory e's cheefest pride,  
Thy sonne is mounted in the highest poyn't:  
Thou placed art in top of fortunes wheel,  
Her wheele must turne, thy glory must eclipse,  
Thy Sunne descend and loole his radiant light,  
And if none be, whose countryes ardent loue,  
And losse of *Roman* liberty can moue,  
He be the man that shall this taske performe.  
*Cassius* hath vowed it to dead *Pompeys* soule,  
*Cassius* hath vowed it to afflicted *Rome*,  
*Cassius* hath vowed it, witnes *Heauen* and Earth,

*Exe*

ACTVS 3. SCENA 2.

Enter *Cesar*, *Antony*, *Dolobella*, *Lords*, *two Romaines*, & others

*Cesar*. Now haue I shaked of these womanish linkes,  
In which my captiu'd thoughts were chayned a fore,  
By that fayre charming *Circles* wounding look,  
And now like that same ten yeares trauayler,  
Leauing be-hind me all my troubles past.  
I come awayied with attending faine,  
Who through her shrill triump doth my name resound,  
And makes proud *Tiber* and *Lygurian Pœ*,  
(Yet a sad witner of the Sunne-Gods losse,)  
Beare my names glory to the *Ocean* mayne,  
Which to the worlds end shall it bound it againe,

*E 2*

*A 5*

*The Tragedy*

As from Phagian fields the King of Gods,  
With conquering spoyles and *Tropheus* proud returnd,  
When great *Typhus* fell by thundering darts,  
And rod away with their Cælestiall troops,  
In greatest pride through Heavens smooth paued way,  
So shall the Pompeous glory of my traine,  
Daring to match ould *Saturn's* kingly Sonne,  
Call downe these goulden lampes from the bright skie,  
And leue Heauen blind, my greatness to admire.  
This laurell garland in fayre conquest made,  
Shall stayne the pride of *Ariadnes* crowne,  
Clad in the beauty of my glorious lampes,  
*Cassiopea* leue thy starry chayre,  
And on my Sun-bright Chariot wheels attend,  
Which in triumphing pompe doth *Cesar* beare,  
To Ear: hs astonishment, and amaze of Heauen:  
Now looke proude *Rome* from thy seuen-fould seate,  
And see the world thy subiect, at thy feete,  
And *Cesar* ruling ouer all the world.

*Dolo.* Now let vs cease to boast of *Romulus*,  
First author of high *Rome* and *Romaines* name.  
Nor talke of *Scaurus*, worthy *Africans*,  
The scourge of *Libia*, and of *Carthage* pride,  
Nor of vnconquered *P.ilius* dauntles minde,  
Since *Cesars* glory them exceedes as farre  
As shining *Phœbe* doth the dimmest starre.

*Aut.* Like as the Ship-man that hath lost the Starre:  
By which his doubtfull ship he did direct,  
Wanders in darkenes, and in Cloudy night,  
So hauing lost my starre, my Gouernesse,  
Which did direct me, with her Sonne-bright ray,  
In greene I wander and in sad dismay:  
And though of triumphes and of victoryes,  
I do the ou-ward signes and *Trophies* beare,  
Yet see mine inward mynd vnder that face,  
Whose colours to these Triumphes is disgrace.

*Lord.* As when from vanquished *Macedonia*,  
Triumphing ore King *Persius* ouerthrow,

*Conquering*





*of Julius Casar.*

Conquering *Emelius*, in great glory came.  
Shewing the worlds spoyles which he had bereft,  
From the successors of great *Alexander*,  
With such high pomp, yea greater victories,  
*Casar* triumphing comes into fayre *Rome*,

1. *Rom.* In this one Champion all is comprehended,  
Which ancient times in severall men commended,  
*Alcides* strength, *Achilles* gentle heart,  
*Great Phillips Sonne* by magnanimitie,  
*Sterne Pyrhus* valour, and great *Hectoris* might,  
And all the prowes, that ether *Greece* or *Troy*,  
Brought forth in that same ten years *Troians* warre.

2. *Rom.* Faire *Rome* great monument of *Romulus*.  
Thou mighty seate of consuls and of Kings:  
Ouer victorious now Earths Conquerer,  
Welcome thy valiant sonne that to thee brings,  
Spoyles of the world, and exquies of Kings.

*Casar*, The conquering Issue of immortall *Ione*.  
Which in the *Persian* spoyles first fetch his fame.  
Then through *Hydaspis*, and the *Caspian* waues,  
Vnto the sea vnowne his praise did propagate,  
Must to my glory vayle his conquering crest:  
The *Lybick* Sands, and *Asrick* Sirts hee past.  
*Baltrians* and *Zogdians*, knowne but by their names,  
Wherby his armes resistles, powers subdued,  
And *Ganges* streames congeald with *Indian* blood,  
Could not transeport his burthen to the sea.  
But these nere lerned at *Mars* his games to play,  
Nor lost these bloody bals, of dread and death:  
*Avar* and proud *Saramna* speaks my praise,  
*Rohdans* shrill *Tritoni* through their brasen trumpes,  
Ecco my fame against the *Gallian* Towers,  
And *Isis* wept to see her daughter *Thames*.  
Chainge her cleere cristall, to vermilian sad,  
The big bond *German*, and *Heluetian* stout,  
Which well haue learned to tolle a tusked speare,  
And well can curbe a noble stomackt horse,  
Can *Cesars* valour witnes to their greefe

*Inba*

*The Tragedy*

*Inba* the mighty *Africk Potentate*,  
That with his cole-black *Negroes* to the field,  
Backt with *Numidian* and *Getulian* horse,  
Hath felt the paissance of a *Roman* sword.  
I entered *Asia* with my banners spred,  
Displayed the *Eagle* on the *Euxin* sea:  
By *Iason* first, and venturous *Argo* cut,  
And in the rough *Cimerian Bosphorus*  
A heavy witness of *Pharnaces* flight,  
And now am come to triumph heere in *Rome*,  
With greater glory then ere *Romaine* did.      *Exeunt.*  
*Sound drums and Trumpets amaine.*

*Enter Anthony.*

*Antho.* Alas these triumphes mooue not me at all,  
But only do renew remembrance sad,  
Of her triumphing and imperious lookes,  
Which is the Saint and Idol of my thoughtes:  
First was I wounded by her perciing eye:  
Next prisoner rane by her captiuing speech,  
And now shee triumphes ore my conquered heart,  
In *Cupids* Chariot ryding in her pride,  
And leades me captiue bounde in Beauties bondes:  
*Cesars* lip-loue, that never touchid his heart,  
By present triumph and the absent fire,  
Is now waxt could; but mine that was more deepe,  
Ingrauen in the marble of my brest,  
Nor time nor Fortune ere can raze it out.

*Enter Anthony's bonus genius.*

*Gen. Anthony, base temall Anthony,*  
Thou womans souldiar, fit for nights assaults,  
Hast thou so soone forgot the discipline,  
And wil sometaskes thy youth wartrayned to,  
Thy soft downe Pillow, was a helme of Steele:  
The could damp earth, a bed to ease thy toyle,  
Afrigted slumbers were thy golden sleepes:  
Hunger and thirst thy sweetest delicates,  
Sterne horror, gasty woundes, pale greesly death:  
Thy winde depressing pleasures and delights,

*And*





And now so soone hath on enchanted face,  
These manly labours lul'd in drowsy sleepe:  
The Gods( whose messenger I heere do stand.)  
Will not then dwyne thy fame in Idlenesse:  
Yet must Philippi see thy high employtes,  
And all the world ring of thy Victories.

*Antho.* Say what thou art, that in this dreadful sort  
Forbidd'st me of my Cleopatras loue.

*Gen.* I am thy bonus Genius, *Anthony*,  
VWhich to thy dul eares this do prophecy:  
That fatal face which now doth so bewitch thee,  
Like to that vaine vncertain Greekish dame,  
VVhich made the stately Ilian towres to smoke,  
Shall thousand bleeding Romans lay one ground:  
*Hymen* insable not in saffron robes,  
Instead of roundes shall doletull dirges singe.  
For nuptiall tapers, shall the furies beare,  
Blew burning torches to increase your feare:  
The bride-grooms scull shal make the bridal bondes:  
And hel-borne hags shall dance an Antick round,  
VWhile Hecate *Hymen*(heu, heu) *Hymen* cries,  
And now methinkes I see the seas blew face:  
Hidden with shippes, and now the trumpets sound,  
And weake *Canopus* with the Egle striues,  
*Neptune* amazed at this dreadfull sight:  
Cals blew sea Gods for to behold the sight,  
*Glaucus* and *Panopea*, *Proteus* ould,  
VVho now for feare changeth his wonted shape,  
Thus your vaine loue which with delight begunne:  
In idle sport shall end with bloud and shame. *Exit.*  
*Antho.* VWhat wast my Genius that mee threatned thus?  
They say that froin our birth he doth preserue:  
And on mee will he powre these miseries?  
VVhat burning torches, what alarums of warre,  
VVhat shames did he to my loues prophesie?  
O no hee comes as winged *Mercurie*,  
From his great Father *Ioue*, t' *Anchises* sonne  
To warne him leauie the wanton dalliance,

And

And charming pleasures of the Tyrian Court,  
Then wake the Arbury from this idle dreame,  
Cast of these base effeminate basions:  
Which melt the courage of thy manlike minde,  
And with thy sword receiue thy sleeping praise. *Exit.*

A C T . 3 .      S C . 3 .

*Enter Brutus.*

*Brutus.* How long in base ignoble patience,  
Shall I behold my Countries wofull fall,  
O you braue Romans, and among't the rest  
Most Noble Brutus, faire befall your soules:  
Let Peace and Fame your Honored grauesawaite,  
Who through such perils, and such tedious warres,  
Won your great laud, & priswee liberty,  
But wee that with our life did freedoms take,  
And did no sooner Men, then free-men, breath:  
To loose it now continuing so long,  
And with such lawes, such vowes, such othes consum'd  
Can nothing but disgrace and shame expect:  
But soft what see I written on my seate,

*O vitam Brute viuere.*

What meaneth this, thy couragedoad,  
But stay, reade forward, *Brute mortuus es.*  
I thou art dead indeed, thy courage dead  
Thy care and loue thy dearest Country dead,  
Thy wented spirit and Noble stomack dead.

*Enter Cassius.*

*Cassius.* The times drawe neere by gratiouse heauens  
When Philips Sonne must fall in Babilon,      (assignd)  
In his triumphing proud persumption:  
But see where melancholy *Brutus* walkes,  
Whose minde is hammering on no meane conceit:  
Then found him *Cassius*, see how hee is inclined,  
How fares young *Brutus* in this tottering state,  
*Brutus.* Euen as an idle gazer, that beholdes,

*His*





His Countries wrackes and cannot succor bring.

Cass. But wil Brutus alwaies in this dreame remaine,  
And not bee moued with his Countries mone.

Brut. O that I might in Lethe endles sleepe,  
And neere awaking pleasant rest of death  
Close vp mine eyes, that I no more might see,  
Poore Romes distresse and Countries misery.

Cass. No Brutus liue, and wake thy sleepy minde,  
Stirre vp those dying sparkes of honors fire,  
VVhich in thy gentle breast weare wont to flame:  
See how poore Rome opprest with Countries wronges,  
Implores thine ayde, that bred thee to that end,  
Thy kinſ-mans soule from heaven commandes thine aide:  
That lastly must by thee receiue his end,  
Then purchas honor by a glorious death,  
Or liue renown'd by ending Cesars life.

Brut. I can no longer beare the Tirants pride,  
I cannot heare my Country crie for ayde,  
And not bee moued with her pitious mone,  
Brutus thy soule shall never more complaine:  
That from thy kinage and most vertuous stock,  
A bastard weake degenerat branch is borne,  
For to distaine the honor of thy house.

No more shall now the Romains call me dead,  
Ile liue againe and rowze my sleepy thoughts:  
And with the Tirants death begin this life.

Rome now I come to reare thy states decayed,  
VVhen or this hand shall cure thy fatall wound,  
Or else this heart by bleeding on the ground.

Cass. Now heauen I see applaудes this enterprise,  
And Rhadamanth into the fatall Vrne,  
That lotheth death, hath thrust the Tirants name,  
Cesar the life that thou in bloud hast led:  
Shall heape a bloudy vengance on thine head.

Exeunt.

## ACT. 2. SCE. 7.

Enter Cesar, An. hony Dolobella, Lords, and others.

Ces. Now servile Pharthi: proud in Romaine spoile,  
 Shall pay her ransome vnto Cesars Ghost:  
 Which vnienged roues by the Stygian strand,  
 Exciaming on our sluggish negligence.  
 Leauing to lament brane Romans, loe I come,  
 Like to the God of battell mad with rage,  
 To die their rimes with vermillion reds:  
 Ille full Armenians playnes and Median hills,  
 With carkises of basard Scithian broode;  
 And there proud Princes will I bring to Rome,  
 Chained in fetters to my charriot wheeles:  
 Desire of fame and hope of sweete reveng,  
 Which in my brest hath kindled such a flame,  
 As nor Exphrates, nor sweet Tybors streame,  
 Can quench or slack this feruent boylng heate:  
 These conquering souldiers that haue followed me,  
 From vanquishe France to sun-burnt Mire,  
 Matching the best of Alexanders troopes.  
 Shall with their lookes put Parthian foes to flight,  
 And make them twise turne their deceitfull footees,

An. The restlesse mind that harbors sorrowing thoughtes,  
 And is with child of noble enterprise,  
 Doth never cease from honoris toilesome taskes,  
 Till it brings forth Eternall gloryes broode.  
 So you fayre braunch of vertues great discent,  
 Now hauing finisht Ciuiti warres fyd broyles,  
 Intend by Parthian triumphes to enlarge  
 Your contryes limits, and your owne renoume.  
 But cause in Sibilles ciuill wits we finde,  
 None but a King that conquest can achieue,  
 Both for to crowne your deedes with due reward,  
 And as auspicious signes of victorye.  
 Wee here present you with this Diadem,  
 Lord, And euen as kings were banisht Romes high throne  
 Cause





of Iulius Cesar.

Cause their base vice, her honour did destayne,  
So to your rule doth shee submit her selfe,  
That her renowne there by might brighter shine,  
*Cesar.* Why thinke you Lords that tis ambitions spur.  
That pricketh *Cesar* to these high attempts,  
Or hope of Crownes, or thought of Diadems,  
That made me wade through honours perilous deepe,  
Vertue vnto it selfe a shure reward,  
My labours all shall haue a pleasing doome,  
If you but Judge I will deserue of *Rome*:  
Did those old *Romaines* suffer so much ill?  
Such tedious seiges, such enduring waſſe?  
*Tarquinius* hates, and great *Porsennas* threats,  
To banish proude impetuous tyrants rule?  
And shall my euerdaring thoughts contend  
To marre what they haue brought to happy end:  
Or thinke you cause my Fortune hath expeld,  
My friends, come let vs march in iolity,  
*Ile* triumph Monarke-like ore conquering *Rome*,  
Or end my conquests with my countryes spoyles,  
*Dolo.* O noble Princely resolution.

These or not viſtoryes that we so call,  
That onely blood and murtherous spoyles can vaunt:  
But this shalbe thy viſtory braue Prince,  
That thou hast conquerēd thy owne climing thoughts,  
And with thy vertue beat ambition downe,  
And this no leſſe inblazon shall thy fame.  
Then those great deeds and chivalrous attempts,  
That made thee conqueror in *Theſſalia*.

*Ant.* This noble mind and Pincely modesty,  
Which in contempt of honours brightness shines,  
Makes vs to wish the more for such a Prince,  
Whose vertue not ambition won that praise,  
Nor shall we thinke it losſe of liberty.  
Or *Romaine* liberty any way impeached,  
For to ſubiect vs to his Princely rule,  
Whose thoughts fayre vertue and true honor guides,  
Vouchſafe then to accept this goulden crowne,

The Tragedy

A gift not equall to thy dignity.  
Ces. Content you Lordes for I wilbe no King,  
An odious name vnto the Romaine care,  
Cesar I am, and wilbe Cesar still,  
No other title shall my Fortunes grace:  
Which I will make a name of higher state  
Then Monarch, King or worldes great Potentate:  
Of loue in Heauen, shall ruled bee the skie,  
The Earth of Cesar, with like Maiestie.  
This is the Scepter that my crowne shall beare,  
And this the golden diadem Ile weare,  
A farre more rich and roiall ornament,  
Then all the Crownes that the proud Persian gaue:  
Forward my Lordes let Trumpets sound our march,  
And drums strike vp Reuenges sad alarms,  
Parthia we come with like incensed heate,  
As great Arides with the angry Greekes,  
Marching in fury to pale walls of Troy.

ACT. 3. SC. 5.

Enter Cassius, Brutus, Trebonius, Cumber Casca.

Tre. Braue Lords whose forward resolution,  
Shewes you descended from true Romaine line,  
See how old Rome in winter of her age,  
Reioyseth in such Princely budding hopes,  
No lesse then once she in Decius vertue did,  
Or great Camillus bringing back of spoyles.  
On then braue Lords of this attempt begin,  
The sacred Senate doth commend the deede:  
Your Countries loue incites you to the deed,  
Vertue her selfe makes warrant of the deed,  
Then Noble Romans as you haue begun:  
Neuer desist vntill this deede be done.  
Cass. To thee Reueng doth Cassius kneele him downe.  
Thou that brings quiet to perplexed soules,  
And borne in Hel, yet harborest heauens ioyes,

Whose





*of Julius Cesar.*

Whose fauor slaughter is, and dandling death,  
Bloud-thirsty pleasures and mis boding blisse:  
Brought forth of Fury, nurse of cankered Hate,  
To drowne in woe the pleasures of the world.  
Thou shalt no more in duskyish *Frebus*:  
And darksome hell obscure thy Deity,  
Insteede of lone thou shalt my Godesse bee,  
To thee faire Temples *Cassius* will erect:  
And on thine alter built of Parian stone  
Whole *Hecatombs* will I offer vp.  
Laugh gentle Godesse on my bould attempt,  
Yet in thy laughter let pale meager death:  
Bee wrapt in wrinkels of thy murthering spoyles.

*Bru.* An other *Tarquin* is to bee expeld,  
An other *Bratus* liues to aet the deede:  
Tis not one nation that this *Tarquin* wronges,  
All *Rome* is stayn'd with his vnrule, desires,  
Shee whose imperiall scepter was invr'd:  
To conquer Kings and to controul the world,  
Cannot abate the glory of her state,  
To yeeld or bowe to one mans proud desires:  
Sweete Country *Rome* here *Brutus* vowes to thee,  
To loose his life or else to set thee free.

*Cas.* Shame bee his share that doth his life so prize,  
That to *Romes* weale it would not sacrificize,  
My Poniardes point shall pearce his heart as deepe',  
As earst his sworde *Romes* bleeding side did goare:  
And change his garments to the purple die,  
With which our bloud had staynd sad *Theffaly*.

*Cam.* Heedoth refuse the title of a King,  
But wee do see hee doth vsurp the thing.  
*Tre.* Our ancient freedome hee impeacheth more,  
Then euer King or Tyrant did before.

*Cas.* The Senators by him are quite disgrac'd,  
*Rome, Romans, City, Freedome, all defac'd.*

*Cassi.* We come not Lords, as vnresolued men,  
For to shewe causes of the deed decreed,  
This shall dispute for mee and tell him why,

Thus

*The Tragedy*

This heart, hand, minde, hath mark'd him out to die:  
If it be true that furies quench-les thirst,  
Is pleas'd with quaffing of ambitious bloud,  
Then all you devills whet my Poniards point,  
And I wil broach you a bloud-sucking heart:  
Which full of bloud, must bloyd store to you yeeld,  
Were it a peerce to flint or marble stonc:  
Why so it is for Cesar's heart's a stone,  
Els would bee mooued with my Countries mone.  
They say you furies instigate mens mindes,  
And push their armes to finnish bloody deedes:  
Prick then mine Elbo: goade my bloody hand,  
That it may goare Cesar's ambitious heart.      *Exeunt.*

ACTVS 3.      SCENA 6.

*Enter Cesar, Calphurnia.*

*Cef.* Why thinkes my loue to fright me with her dreames?  
Shall bug-beares feare Cesar's vndaunted heart,  
Whome Pompey Fortune never could amaze,  
Nor the French horse, nor Mauritanian boe,  
And now shall vaine illusions mee affright:  
Or shadowes daunt, whom substance could not quell?

*Calphur.* O dearest Cesar, hast thou seene thy selfe,  
(As troubled dreames to me did faine thee seene:)  
Torne, Wounded, Maymed, Blod-slaughtered, Slaine,  
D thou thy selfe, wouldst then haue dread thy selfe:  
And feard to thrult thy life to dangers mouth.

*Cef.* There you bewray the folly of your dreame,  
For I am well, aliue, vnaught, vntoucht.

*Calphur.* I'was in the Senate-house I sawe thee so,  
And yet thou dreadles thither needes will go.

*Cef.* The Senate is a place of peace, not death,  
But these were but deluding visions.

*Calphur.* O do not set so little by the heauens,  
Dreames ar diuine, men say they come from loue,  
Beware betimes, and bee not wise to late:

*Mens*





*of Iulius Caesar.*

Mens good indeuours change the wills of Fate.

*Ces.* Weepe not faire loue, let not thy wofull teares  
Bode mee, I knowe what thou wouldest not haue to hap  
It will distaine mine honor wonne in fight

To say a womans dreame could me affright.

*Cal.* O Ces<sup>a</sup>r no dishonour canst thou get,  
In seeking to prevent vnlucky chance:  
Foole-hardy men do runne vpon their death,  
Bee thou in this perswaded by thy wife:

No valour bids thee cast away thy life.

*Ces.* Tis dastard cowardize and childish feare,  
To dread those dangers that do not appeare:

*Cal.* Thou must sad chance by fore-cast, wise resist,  
Or being done say boote-les had I wist.

*Ces.* But for to feare wher's no suspition,  
Will to my greatnessse be derision.

*Cal.* There lurkes an adder in the greenest grasse,  
Daungers of purpose alwayes hide their face:

*Ces.* Perswade no more Ces<sup>a</sup>rs resolu'd to go.

*Cal.* The Heauen<sup>s</sup> resolute that hee may safe returne,  
For if ought happen to my loue but well:  
His danger shalbe doubled with my death.      *Exe.*

*Enter Augur.*

*Augur.* I, come they are, but yet they are not gon.

*Ces.* What hast thou sacrificiz'd, as custome is,  
Before wee enter in the Senat-house.

*Augur.* O stay those steeps that leade thee to thy death,  
The angry heauens with threatening dire aspect,  
Boding mischance, and halfull massacres,  
Menace the overthrowe of Cesars powre:  
*Saturne* sits frowning on the God of Warre,  
VWho in their sad coniunction do conspire,  
Uniting both their balefull influences,  
To heape mischance, and danger to thy life:  
The Sacrificing beast is heart-les found:  
Sad ghastly fightes, and rayzed Ghostes appear,  
Whic<sup>h</sup> fill the silent woods, with groaning cries:  
The hoarse Night-rauen tunes the chearles voyce,  
And calls the balefull Owle, and howling Doge,

*To*

THE TRAGEDY

To make a consort. In whose sad song is this,  
Neere is the ouerthrow of Cesars blisse.

Exe.

Cesar. The world is set to fray mee from my wits,  
Heers harteles Sacrifice and visions,  
Howlinge and cryes, and gastly grones of Ghosts,  
Soft Cesar do not make a mockery,  
Of these Prodigious signes sent from the Heauens.  
Calphurnias Dreame lumping which Augurs words,  
Shew (if thou markest it Cesar) cause to feare:  
This day the Senate there shalbe dissoluē,  
And Ile retурne to my Calphurnia home, One gives him  
What haſt thou heare that thou preſents vs with, a paper.

Pre. A thing my Lord that doth concerne your life.  
Which loue to you and hate of ſuch a deed,  
Makes me reueale vnto your excellencie. Cesar laughs.  
Smileſt thou, or think'ſt thou it ſome ildetoy,  
Thout frownes a non to read ſo many names.  
That haue conſpir'd and ſworne thy bloody death, Exe.

Enter Cassius.

Cassius. Now muſt I come, and with cloſe ſubtile girdes,  
Deceauē the prey that Ile deuoure anon,  
My Lord the Sacred Senate doſh expeſt,  
Your royll presence in Pompeius court:

Cesar. Cassius they tell me that ſome daungers nigh.  
And death pretended in the Senate house.

Cassi. What danger or what wrong can be,  
Where harmeles grauitie and vertue ſits,  
Tis paſt all daunger preſent death it is,  
Nor is it wrong to render due deſert.

To feare the Senators without a cauſe,  
Will bee a cauſe why theile be to be feared,

Cesa. The Senate stayes for me in Pompeys court.  
And Cesar's heere, and dares not goe to them,  
Packe hence all dread of danger and of death,  
What muſt be, muſt be; Cesar's preſt for all,

Cassi. Now haue I ſent him headlong to his ende,  
Vengance and death awaying at his heelies,  
Cesar thy life now hangeth on a twine,

Which





*of Julius Caesar.*

Which by my Poniard must bee cut in twaine,  
Thy chaire of state now turn'd is to thy Beere,  
Thy Princely robes to make thy winding sheetes  
The Senators the Mourners ore the Hearse,  
And Pompeys Court, thy dreadfull graue shalbe.

*Senators cry all at once.*

*Omnes.* Hold downe the Tyrant stab him to the death:

*Casi.* Now doth the musick play and this the song  
That Cassius heart hath thirsted for so long:  
And now my Poniard in this mazing sound,  
Must strike that touch that must his life confound.  
Stab on, stab on, thus should your Poniards play,

Aloud deepe note vpon this trembling Kay. *stab him.*

*Buco.* Bucolian sends thee this. *stab him.*

*Cum.* And Cumber thit! *stab him.*

*Cas.* Take this frō Casca for to quite Romes wronges.

*Cys.* Why murtherous villaines know you whō you strike,

Tis Cesar, Cesar, whom your Poniards pierce;

Cesar whose name might well afright such slaves:

Q Heauens that see and hate this haynous guilt,

And thou Immortall Ione that Idle holdest

Deluding Thunder in thy faynting hand,

Why stay'st thy dreadfull doome, and dost with-hold,

Thy three-fork'd engine to reuenge my death:

But if my plaintes the Heauens cannot mooue,

Then blackest hell and Pluto bee thou iudge:

You greesly daughters of the cheereles night,

Whose hearts, nor praier nor pitty, ere could lend,

Leave the black dungeon of your Chaos deeper:

Come and with flaming brandes into the world,

Reuenge, and death, bringe seated in yout eyes:

And plague these villaynes for their trecheries.

*Enter Brutus.*

*Bru.* I haue held Anthony with a vaine discourse,

The whilst the deed's in execution,

But liues hee still, yēt doth the Tyrant breath?

Chalinging Heauens with his blasphemies,

Heere Brutus maketh a passage for thy Soule,

*G*

*To*

*The Tragedy*

To plead thy cause for them whose ayde thou cravest,]

*Ces.* What *Briuitus* to? nay nay, then let me die,  
Nothing wounds deeper then ingratitude,

*Bru.* I bloody *Cesar*, *Cesar*, *Briuitus* too,  
Doth geeue thee this, and this to quite *Romes* wronge,

*Cassius.* O had the Tyrant had as many liues,  
As that fell *Hydra* borne in *Lerna lake*,  
That heare I still might stab and stabbing kill,  
Till that more liues might bee extinguished,  
Then his ambition, *Romanes* Slaughtred.

*Tre.* How heauens haue iustly on the authors head,  
Returnd the guilties blood which he hath shed,  
And *Pompey*, he who caused thy Tragedy,  
Here breathles lies before thy Noble Statue,

*Enter Anthony.*

*Anth.* What cryes of death resound within my eates,  
Whome I doe see great *Cesar* bunched thus?  
What said I great? I *Cesar* thou wast great,  
But O that greatnes was that brought thy death:  
O vnjust Heauens, (if Heauens at all there be,) Since vertues wronges makes question of your powers,  
How could your starry eyes this shame behold,  
How could the sunne see this and not eclipsed?  
Fayre bud of farn: ill cropt before thy time:  
What *Hyrkan* tygar, or wild sauge bore,  
(For he more heard then Bore or Tyger was.) Darst do so vile and execrate a deede,  
Could not those eyes so full of maiestie,  
Nor priesthood (o not thus to bee prophaned)  
Nor yet the reverence to this sacred place,  
Nor flowing eloquence of thy goulden toungue,  
Nor names made famous through im mortall merit,  
Deter those martherors from so vild a deed?  
Sweete friend accept these obsequies of mine,  
Which heare with teares I doe vnto thy hearse;  
And thou being placed among the shaining starrs  
Shalt downe from Heauen behold what deepe reuenge.





I will inflict vpon the murtherers, — Exit with Cesar, in his  
    <sup>armes.</sup>

FINIS. A&. 3.

Enter Discord.

Dif. Brutus thou hast what long desire hath sought,  
Cesar Lyes weltring in his purple Goare,  
Thou art the author of Romes libertie,  
Proud in thy murthering hand and b'oddy knife.  
Yet thinke Octavian and Sterne Anthony,  
Cannot let passe this murther vnteuenged,  
Theffalia once againe must see your blood,  
And Romane drommes must strike vp newe laromes;  
Harke how Bellona shakes her angry lance:  
And enuie clothed in her crimson weed,  
Me thinkes I see the fiery st ields to clash,  
Eagle gainst Eagle, Rome against Rome to fight,  
Phillip, Cesar, quittance must thy wronges,  
Whereas that hand shall stab that trayterous heart,  
That durst encourage it to worke thy death,  
Thus from thine aches Cesar doth arise  
As from Medeas haples scattered teeth:  
New flames of war, and new outragious broyles,  
Now smile Aemilia that even in thy top,  
Romes victory and pride shalbe entombd,  
And those great conquerors of the vanquished earth,  
Shall with their swords come there to dig their graves.

ACTVS.4. SCENA. 1.

Enter Octavian.

Ola. Mourne gentle Heavens for you haue lost your ioy.  
Mourne greeued earth thy ornament is gon,  
Mourne Rome in great thy Father is deceased:  
Mourne thou Octavian, thou it is must mourne,  
Mourne for thy Uncle who is dead and gon.

G 2

Mourne

*The Tragedy*

Mourne for thy Father to vngently slaine,  
Mourne for thy Friend whoms thy mishap hath lost,  
For Father, Vnkell, Friend, go make thy moane,  
Who all did liue, who all did die in one.  
But heare I vow these blacke and fable weeds,  
The outward signes of inward heauines,  
Shall changed be ere long to crimsen hew,  
And this soft raiment to a coate of steele,  
*Cesar*, no more I heare the mornefull songs.  
The tagick pomp of his sad execuies,  
And deadly burning torches are at hand,  
I must accompany the mornefull troope:  
And sacryfice my teares to the Gods below.

*Exit.*

*Enter Casars Hearse Calphurnia Octavian, Anthony,*  
*Cicero, Dolobella, two Romaynes, mourners.*

*Calp.* Set downe the hearse and let *Calphurnia* weepe,  
Weepe for her Lord and bath his Wounds in teare:  
Feare of the world, and onely hope of *Rome*,  
Thou whilst thou liuedst was *Calphurnias* ioye,  
And being dead my ioyes are dead with thee:  
Here doth my care and comfort resting lie:  
Let them accompany thy mournefull hearse.

*Cice.* This is the hearse of vertue and renowne,  
Here stroe red roses and sweete violets;  
And lawrell garlands far to crowne his fame,  
The Princely weedes of mighty conquerors:  
These worthles obsequies poore *Rome* bestowes,  
Vpon thy sacred ashes and deare hearse.

*I. Rom.* And as a token of thy liuing praise,  
And fame immortall take this laurell wreath,  
Which witnesseth thy name shall never die:  
And with this take the Loue and teares of *Rome*,  
For on thy tombe shall still engrauen be,  
Thy losse, her grieve, thy deathes, her pittyng thee,

*Dolo.* Vnwilling do I come to pay this debt,  
Though not vnwilling for to crowne deserty,  
O how much rather had I this bestowed,  
On thee returning from foes ouerthrow,

*When*





of *Iulius Cesar*.

When living vertue did require such meede,  
Then for to crowne thy vertue being dead,  
*Lord.* Those wreaths that in thy life our conquests crowned  
And our fayre triumphes beauty glorified,  
Now in thy death do serue thy hearse to adorne,  
For *Cæsar's* living vertues to bee crowned,  
Not to be wept as buried vnder ground,

*2. Re.* Thou whilst thou liuest wast faire vertues flowre  
Crowned with eternall honor and rehowne,  
To thee being dead, *Flora* both crownes and flowers,  
(The cheefest vertues of our mother earth,) Doth give to gratulate thy noble hearse  
Let then they soule diuine vouchsafe to take,  
These worthles obsequies our loue doth make.

*Calp.* All that I am is but despaire and greefe,  
This all I give to Celebrate thy death,  
What funerall pomp of riches and of pelfe,  
Do you expect? *Calburnia* giues her selfe.

*Ant.* You that to *Cesar* iustly did decree  
Honors diuine and sacred reverence:  
And oft him graed with titles well deserued,  
Of Countries Father, stay of Common wealth,  
And that which never any bare before,  
Inviolat, Holy, Consecrate, Vntucht.  
Doe see this friend of *Rome*, this Contraries Father,  
This Sonne of lasting fame and endles prâise,  
And in a mortall trunke, immortall vertue  
Slaughtered, profan'd, and bucherd like a beast,  
By trayterous handes, and damned Paracides:  
Recounte those decedes and see what he hath don,  
Subdued those nations which three hundred yeares  
Remaynd vnconquered; still afflicting *Rome*,  
And recompensed the firy *Capitoll*,  
With many Citties vnto ashes burnt:  
And this reward these thankes you render him:  
Here lyes he dead to whome you owe your liues  
By you this slaughtered body bleedes againe,  
Which oft for you hath bled in featefull fight.

*The Tragey*

Sweete woundes in which I see distressed Rome,  
From her pearc'd sides to powre forth streames of bloud,  
Bee you a witnesse of my sad Soules griefe:  
And of my teares which wounded heart doth bleede,  
Not such as vse from womanish eyes proceede.

Otta. And were the deede most worthy and vnblamed,  
Yet you vnworthely did do the same:  
Who being partakers with his enemies,  
By Casar all were sauad from death and hartine,  
And for the pounishment you shoulde haue had,  
You were prefer'd to Princely dignities:  
Rulers and Lordes of Prouinces were you made,  
Thus thanke-les men hee did pre'erre of nought,  
That by their hands his murtherer might be wrought.

*All at once except Anthony and Octavian.*

Omnes. Reuenge, Reuenge vpon the murtherers.  
Anthe. Braue Lords this worthy resolution shewes,  
Your dearest loue, and great affection  
VVhich to this slaughtered Prince you alwaies bare,  
And may like bloody chancie befall my lise:  
If I be slacke for to reuenge his death.

Otta. Now on my Lords, this body lets inter:  
Amongst the monuments of Roman Kinges,  
And build a Temple to his memory:  
Honoring therein his sacred Deity.

*Excuse amiss.*

ACT. 4 SC. 2.

Enter Cassius, and Brutus with an army.

Cass. Now Remains proud foe, worlds common enemy,  
In his greatest hight and chiefest Iollitic,  
In the Sacred Senate-house is done to death:  
Euen as the Consecrated Ox which soundes,  
At horne alters, in his dying pride:  
VVith flowry leaues and gar-lands all bedight,  
Stands proudly wayting for the hasted stroke:  
Till hee amazed with the dismal sound,

Falls.





*of Julius Caesar.*

Falls to the Earth and staines the holy ground,  
The spoyles and riches of the conquered world,  
Are now but idle Trophies of his tombe:  
His launell gar-landes do bui Crow ne his chaire,  
His sling, his shilde, and fatall bloody spreare,  
VVhich hee in battell oft' gainst Rome did beare,  
Now serue for nouȝt but rusty monuments.

*Bru.* So Romulus when proud ambition,  
His former vertue and renoune had stayned:  
Did by the Senators receive his end,  
But lost what boades *Titinius* hastynge speede;

*Enter Titinius.*

*Titin.* The frantike people and impatient,  
By Anthonyes exhorting to reuenge:  
Runne madding throw the bloody streetes of Rome,  
Crying Reuenge, and murthering they goe,  
All those that caused Cesars ouerthowe.

*Cassi.* The wauering people pytiyng Cesars death,  
Do rage at vs, who sore to winne their weale:  
Spare not the danger of our dearest lives,  
But since no safety Rome for ys affordes:  
Brutus weel haſt vs to our Provinces,  
Linto Syre, thou into Maccedon,  
Where wee will muſter vp ſuch martiall bandes,  
As ſhall afright our following enemies.

*Bru.* In Thessaly wee leete the Enemy,  
And in that ground distaynd with Pompeys bloud,  
And fruitefull made with Romane mallaker,  
VVeele either ſacrifice our guilty foe,  
To appease the furies of theſe howling Ghostes,  
That wander refles through the ſlimy ground  
Or elſe that Thessaly bee a common Tombe:

To bury thoſe that fight to infranchise Rome.

*Titin.* Brauely resolu'd, I ſee yong *Bruens* minde,  
Strengthned with force of vertues ſacred rule:

Contemneth death, and holdes proud chance in ſcorne.

*Bru.* I that before ſear'd not to do the deeds,  
Shall never now repeat it being done,

No

*The Tragedy*

No more I Fortun'd, like the *Roman Lord*,  
Whose faith brought death yet with immortal fame,  
I kille thee hand for doing such a deede:  
And thankes my heart for this so Noble thought,  
And blesse the Heauens for fauoring my attempt,  
For Noble *Rome*, and if thou beeest not free,  
Yet I haue done what euer lay in mee:  
And worthy friend as both our thoughts conspired,  
And ioyned in vnion to performe this deede,  
This acceptable deede to Heauens and *Rome*,  
So lets continue in our high resolute:  
And as wee haue with honor thus begunne,  
So lets persist, vntill our liues bee done.

Ciſſ. Then let vs go and with our warlike troopes,  
Collected from our feuerall Prouinces,  
Make *Asia* subiect to our Conquering armes,  
*Brutus* thou hast commanded the Illirian bandes:  
The feared *Celtis* and *Lusitanian* horse,  
*Parthenians* proud, and *Thrasians* borne in warres,  
And *Macedon* yet proud with our old aetes,  
With all the flowre of Louely *Thessaly*,  
Vnder my warlike collours there shall march;  
New come from *Syria* and from *Babilon*,  
The warlike *Mede*, and the *Arabian Boe*,  
The *Parthian* fighting when hee seemes to flie:  
Those conquering *Gauls* that built their seates in *Greece*,  
And all the Costers on the *Mirapont*.

ACT. 3.      S.C.E. 1.

Enter *Cesars Ghost*.

*Gho.* Out of the horror of those shady vaultes,  
Where Centaurs, Harpies, paynes and furies fell:  
And Gods and Ghosts and vgly Gorgons dwellic,  
My restles soule comes heere to tell his wronges,  
Hayle to thy walles, thou pride of all the world,  
Thou art the place where whilome in my life.

My





My seat of mounting honour was erected,  
And my proud throe that seem'd to check the heauens  
But now my pompe and I are layd more lowe,  
With these asofiates of my ouerthrow,  
Here ancient *Ajur* and proud *Belnus* lyes,  
*Ninus* the first that sought a Monarchs name.  
Atrides fierce with the *Aeacides*,  
The Greeke *Heros*, and the *Troian* flower,  
Blood-thirstling *Cyrus* and the conquering youth:  
That sought to fetch his pedegree from Heauen,  
*Sterne Romulus* and proud *Tarquinius*,  
The mighty *Sirians* and the *Ponticke* Kings,  
*Alcides* and the stout *Carthagian* Lord,  
The fatall enemie to the Roman name.  
Ambitious *Sylla* and fierce *Marius*,  
And both the *Pompeyes* by me don to death,  
I am the last not least of the same crue,  
Looke on my deeds and say what *Cesar* was,  
*Thessalia*, *Egipt*, *Pontus*, *Africa*,  
*Spayne* *Brittaine*, *Almany* and *France*,  
So many a bloody tryall of my worth.  
But why doe I my glory thus restraine,  
When all the world was but a *Charyot*,  
Wherin I rode Triumphieng in my pride?  
But what auyylesthis tale of what I was?  
Since in my chefest hight *Brutus* base ha~~te~~  
With three and twenty wounds my heart did goare,  
Giue me my sword and shild Ile be Reueng'd,  
My mortall wounding speare and goulden Crest.  
I will dishorste my foemen in the field,  
Alasse poore *Cesar* thou a shadow art,  
An ayery substance wanting force and might,  
Then will I goe and erie vpon the world,  
Exclame on *Anthony* and *Ottavian*,  
Which seekē through discord and discentions broyl~~ys~~,  
T'imbrue their weapons in each others blood,  
And leue to execute my iust reuenge.

I heare the drummes and bloody Trumpets sound,  
O how this sig he my greeued soule doth wound,

Enter Anthony, at on dore, Oelanian at  
another with Souldiers.

Anth. Now martiall friends competitors in armes,  
You that will follow Anthony to fight,  
Whome stately Rome hath oft her Consull seene,  
Grac'd with eternall trophies of renowne,  
With Libian triumphes and liberian spoyles,  
Who scorns to haue his honour now distaind,  
Or credit blemish't by a Boyes disgrace,  
Prepare your dauntles stomakes to the fight,  
Wherè without striking you shall ouer come:

Otta. Fellowes in war-faire which haue often serued,  
Vnder great Cesar my diseased sier,  
And haue return'd the conquerors of the world,  
Clad in the Spoyles of all the Orient:  
That will not brooke that any Roman Lord,  
Should iniure mighty Julius Cesars sonne,  
Recall your wonted valour and these hearts,  
That neuer entaynd Ignoble thoughts  
And make my first warre-faire and fortunate:

Ant. Strike vp drams, and let your banners flie,  
Thus will we set vpon the enemy.

Gho. Cease drams to strike, and fould your banners vp.  
Wake not Bellona with your trumpets Clange,  
Nor call vnwilling Mars vnto the field: now vnto me  
See Romaines, let my wounds nos yet closid vp,  
The bleeding monuments of Cesars wronges.  
Haue you so soone for got my life and death?  
My life wherein I reard your fortunes vp,  
My death wherein my reared fortune fell,  
My life admir'd and wondred at of men?  
My death which seem'd vnworthy to the Gods,  
My life which heap'd on you rewards and gifts,  
My death now begges one gift; a iust reueng.

Ant. A Chilly cowld possesseth all my loyntes,

And





*of Julius Caesar.*

And pale wan feare doth cease my fainting heart;

*Ota.* O see how terrible my Fathers lookes?

My haire stands stiffe to see his greisly hue:

Alass I deare not looke him in the face,

And words do cleave to my benummied lawes. (downe

*Gho.* For shame weake *Anthony* throw thy weapons

Sonne sheath thy sword, not now for to be drawne,

*Brutus* must feele the heauy stroke thereof:

But if that needes you will into the field,

And that warrs envie pricks your forward hate.

To slacke your fury with each others blood,

Then forward on to your prepared deaths

Let sad *Alecto* sound her tearefull trump,

Reuell a rise in lothsome sable weedes,

Light-shining Treasons and vnquenched Hates,

Horror and vgly Murther (nights blacke chi'd,) -

Let sterne *Magera* on her thundering drumme,

Play gastily musick to comfort your deathes.

Banner to banner, foote against foote op'zd,

Sword against sword, shild against shild, and life to life,

Let death goe raginge through your armed rankes,

And load himselfe with heapes of murthered men,

And let Heauens iustice send you all to Hell,

*Anth.* Shamst thou not *Anthony* to draw thy sword,

On *Cesars* Sonne, for rude rash youth full brawles,

And dost let passe their trea'ton vnrevenged,

That *Cesars* life and glory both did end,

*Ota.* Shame of my selfe, and this intended fight,

Doth make me feare t' approach his dreadfull sight:

Forgiue my slacknes to reuenge thy wronges,

Pardon my youth that rashly was mislead,

Through vaine ambition for to doe this deed,

*Gho.* Then ioyne your hands and heare let battele cease,

Chang feare to joy, and warre to smooth-fac't Peace.

*Ota.* Then Father heere in sight of Heauen and thee,

I giue my hand and heart to *Anthony*,

*Ant.* Take likewise mine, the hand that once was vowd',

The Tragedy

To bee imbruied in thy luke-warme bloud,  
VVhich now shall strike in yong Oetanians rights.

Gho. Now sweare by all the Dieties of Heauen,  
All Gods and powers you do adore and serue:  
For to returne my murther on their cruell head,  
Whose trayterous hands my guiltles bloud haue shed.

Anth. Then by the Gods that through the raging waues,  
Brought thee braue Troian to old Latium,  
And great Quirinus placed now in Heaven:  
By the Gradianus that with shield of Braffe,  
Defendest Rome, by the ouerburning flames  
Of Vesta and Carpeian Towers of loue,  
Vowes Anthony to quite thy worthy death,  
Or in performance loose his vitall breath.

Oeta. The like Oetanian vowes to Heauen and thee.

Gho. Then go braue warriors with succesfull hap,  
Fortune shall waite vpon your rightfull armes,  
And courage sparkell, from your Princely eyes,  
Dartes of reuenge to daunt your enemies.

Antho. Now with our armes both conioyned in one,  
Weele meete the enemy in Macedon:  
Emathian fieldes shall change her flowry greene,  
And die proud Flora in a sadder hew:  
Siluer Stremonia, whose faire Christall waues,  
Once sounded great Alcides echoing fame:  
When as he slew that fruitefull headed snake,  
Which Lerna long-time fostered in her wombe:  
Shall in more tragick accentes and sad tunes,  
Eccho the terror of thy dismal sight,  
Hemus shall fathis barren fieldes with bloud :  
And yellow Ceres spring from woundes of men,  
The toyling husbant-men in time to come,  
Shall with his harrow strike on rusty helmes,  
And finde, and wonder, at our swordes and speares,  
And with his plowe dig vp brue Romans graues:

Finis. Act.





*of Iulius Cesar.*

ACT. 5. SCE. 1.

*Enter Discord.*

*Dis.* The balefull haruest of my ioy, thy woe  
Gins ripen, *Brutus*, Heavens commande it so.  
Pale sad *Anernus* opes his yawning lawes,  
Seeking to swallow vp thy murtherous soule,  
The furies haue proclaym'd a festiuall:  
And meane to day to banquet with thy bloud,  
Now Heavens array you in your clowdy weedes:  
Wrap vp the beauty of your glorious lamp,  
And dreadfull *Chaos*, of sad drey night,  
Thou Sunne that climest vp to the easterne hill:  
And in thy Chariot rides with swift steedes drawne,  
In thy proud lollity and radiant glory:  
Go back againe and hide thee in the sea,  
Darkerenesse to day shall couer all the world:  
Let no light shine, but what your swords can strike,  
From out their steely helmes, and fiery shildes:  
Furies, and Ghosts, with your blue-burning lampes,  
In mazing terror ride through *Roman* rankes:  
With dread affrighting those stout Champions hearts,  
All stygian fiendes now leave whereas you dwell:  
And come into the world and make it hell.

*Enter Cassius, Brutus, Titinius, Cato Iunior,  
with an army marching*

*Ces.* Thus fat wee march with vnresisted armes,  
Subduing all that did our powres with stand:  
*Laodicia* whose high reared walles,  
Faire *Lycas* washeth with her siluer wave:  
And that braue monument of *Perseus* fame,  
With *Turcos* valld to vs her vanting pride,  
Faire *Rhodes*, I weepe to thinke vpon thy fall:

H 3

Thou

*The tragedie*

Thou wert to stubberne, else thou still hadst stood,  
Inviolate of Cassius hurtles hand,  
That was my nurse, where in my youth I drew  
The flowing milke of Greekish eloquence:  
Proud Capadocia sawe her King captiu'd,  
(And Dolabella wanting in the spoyles.  
Of slayne Trebonius) fall as springing tree,  
Seated in lonely Tempes pleasant shades:  
Whom beuteous spring with blossoms braue hath deckt,  
And sweete Faunonia mantled all in greene,  
By winters rage doth loose his flowry pride,  
And hath each twigg bar'd by northerne winds,  
Thus from the conquest of proud Palestine,  
Hether in triunph haue we march'd along,  
Making our force-commaunding rule to stretch,  
From faire Euphrates christall flowing waues  
Vnto the Sea which yet weepes lo's death,  
Slayne by great Hercules ipeating hand,  
*Eru.* Of all the places by my sword subdued,  
Pitty of thee poore Zanthis moues me most;  
Thrife hast thou ben besiegged by thy foe,  
And thrife to saue thy liberty hast felt  
The fatall flames of thine owne cruell hand.  
First being besieg'd by Harpalus the Mede,  
The sterne performer of proud Cyrus wrath:  
Next when the Macedonian Phillips sonne,  
Did rayse his engines against thy battered walls,  
Proud Zanthis that did scorne to beare the yoake,  
That all the world was forced to sustaine,  
Last when that I my selfe did guirt thy walls,  
With tropes of high resolued Roman hearts,  
Rather then thou wouldest yeeld to Bratus sword,  
Or stayne the mayden honour of thy Towne,  
Didst sadly fall as proud Numantia.  
Scorning to yeeld to conquering Scipios power.  
*Cas.* And now to thee Phillipi are wee come,  
Whose fields must twise feele Roman cruelty,  
And flowing blood like to Darcedis playnes,

When





When proud Eteocles on his foaming steede,  
Rides in his fury through the Argean troopes,  
Now making great Erastus giue him way,  
Now beating back Tidens puissant might:  
The ground not dry'd from sad Pharsalian blood,  
Will now bee turn'd to a purple lake:  
And bleeding heapes and mangled bodyes slayne,  
Shall make such hills as shall surpasle in height  
The Snowy Alpes and aery Appenines;

*Titi.* A Scout brought word but now that he descryd,  
Warlike Athamini and young Cesars troopes,  
Marching in fury over Thessalian playnes.  
As great Gradim when in angry mood,  
He drives his chariot downe from heauens top,  
And in his wheels whirleth reueng and death:  
Heere by Phillipi they will pitch their tents,  
And in these fieldes (fatall to Roman lines)  
Hazard the fortune of the doubtfull fight,

*Cat.* O welcomeshou this long expected day,  
On which dependeth Romane liberty,  
Now Rome thy freedom hangeth in susprince,  
And this the day that must assure thy hopes.

*Cass.* Great Jove, and thou Trytonian warlike Queenie:  
Arm'd with thy amazing deadly Gorgons head,  
Strengthen our armes that fight for Roman welth:  
And thou sterne Mars, and Romulus thy Scaine,  
Defend that City which your selfe begun,  
All beautefully powers assist our rightfull armes,  
And send downe siluer winged victory,  
To crowne with Lawrells our triumphant Crests.

*Bru.* My minde that's trobled in my vexed soule,  
(Opprest with sorrow and with sad dismay,) Misgives me this wilbe a heauy day.

*Cass.* Why sayst not now in these our last extremes,  
This time craves courage not dispayring feare,

*Titin.* Fie, twill distayne thy former valiant acts.  
To say thou faintest now in this last act,

*Bru.* My mind is heauy, and I know not why.

*Actus II scena 1*  
But cruell fate doth sommon me to die,

*Cato.* Sweet Brute, let not thy words be ominous signes,  
Of so mis-fortunnate and sad euent,  
Heauen and our Vallour shall vs conquerours make.

*Cassi.* What Bastard feare hath taunted our dead hearts,  
Or what vnglorious vnwounded thought,  
Hath changed the vallour of our daunted mindes.  
What are our armes growne weaker then they were?  
Cannot this hand that was proud Cesar's death,  
Send all Cesarians headlong that same path?  
Looke how our troupes in Sun-bright armes do shine,  
With vaunting plumes and dreadfull brauery.  
The wrathfull steedes do check their iron bits,  
And with a well grac'd terror strike the ground,  
And keeping times in warres sad harmony.  
And then hath Brutus any cause to feare,  
My selfe like valiant Peleus worthy Sonne,  
The Noblest wight that eur Troy beheld,  
Shall of the aduerse troopes such hauock make,  
As sad Phillipi shall in blood bewayle,  
The cruell massacre of Cassius sword,  
And then hath Brutus any cause to fear?

*Bru.* No outward shewes of puissance or of strength,  
Can helpe a minde dismayed inwardly,  
Leave me sweete Lordes a while vnto my selfe.

*Cass.* In this meane time take order for the fight,  
Drums let your fearefull mazing thunders playe,  
And with their sound peirce Heauens brazen Towers,  
And all the earth fill with like fearefull noyse,  
As when that Boreas strok his Iron caue.  
With boisterous furyes Striuing in the waues,  
Comes swelling forth to meet his blustering foe,  
They both doe runne with fercce tempestuous rage,  
And heaues vp mountaynes of the watry waues.  
The God Oceanus trembles at the stroke,

*Bru.* What hatefull furyes vex my tortured mind?  
What hideous sightes appalle my greeued soule,  
As when Orestes after mother slaine.

Not





*of Julius Casar.*

Not being yet at Scitkians Alters purged,  
Behould the greesly visages offiends.  
And gasty furies which did haunt his steps,  
*Cesar* vpbraues my sad ingratitude,  
He saued my life in sad Pharsalian fieldes,  
That I in Senate house might worke his death,  
O this remembrance now doth wound my soule,  
More then my poniard did his bleeding heart,

*Enter Ghost.*

*Gho. Brutus,* ingratefull *Bruus* seest thou mee:  
Anon In field againe thou shalt me see,  
*Bru.* Stay what so ere thou art, or fiend below,  
Rayl'd from the deepe by inchanters bloody call,  
Or fury sent from Phlegitonick flames,  
Or from Cocytus for to end my life,  
Be then *Megera* or *Tysiphone*,  
Or of *Eumenides* ill boading true.  
Fly me not now, but end my wretched life,  
Come greefly messenger of sad mishap,  
Trample in blood of him that hates to liue,  
And end my life and sorrow all at once.

*Gho.* Accursed traytor damned *Homicide*,  
Knowest thou not me, to whom for forty honors:  
Thou three and twenty Gasty wounds didst giue?  
Now dare no more for to behould the Heavens,  
For they to Day haue destyned thine end:  
Nor lift thy eyes vnto the rising sunne,  
That nere shall liue for to behould it set,  
Nor looke not downe vnto the Hellish shades,  
There stand the furyes thursting for thy blood,  
Flie to the field but if thou thither go'st,  
There *Anthonyes* sword will peirce thy trayterous heart.  
*Brutus:* to daie my blood shal be reuenged,  
And for my wrong and vndeserued death,  
Thy life to thee a torture shall become,  
And thou shalt oft amongst the dying grones,  
Of slaughtered men that bite the bleeding earth.

*The Tragedy.*

Wish that like balefull cheere might thee befall,  
And secke for death that flies so wretched wight,  
Vntill to st unne the honour of the fight,  
And dreadfull vengeance of supernall ire.  
Thine owne right hand shall worke my wish'd reueng,  
And so Fare ill, hated of Heauen and Men.

*Bru.* Stay Ceser stay, protract my greife no longer,  
Rip vp my bowells glut thy thirsting throte,  
With pleasing blood of Cesars guilty heart:  
But see hee's gon , and yonder Murther stands:  
See how he poynts his knife vnto my hart.  
*Althea* raueth for her marthered Sonne,  
And weepes the deed that she her selfe hath done:  
And Meleager would thou liuedst againe,  
But death must expiate. *Altheas* come.  
I, death the guerdon that my deeds deserue:  
The drums do thunder forth dismay and feare,  
And dismal triumphes sound my fatall knell,  
Furyes I come to meeete you all in Hell,

*Enter Cato wounded.*

*Cato.* Bloodies and faynt; *Cato* yeilde vp thy breath;  
While strength and vigour in these armes remaynd,  
And made me able for to wield my sword,  
So long I fought; and sweet *Rome* for thy sake  
Feat'd note effusion of my blood to make.  
But now my strength and life doth fayle at once,  
My vigor leaues my could and feeble loynts,  
And I my sad soule, must power forth in blood.  
*O* vertue whoine *Phylsophy* extols:  
Thou art no essence but a naked name,  
Bond-slauie to Fortune, weake, and of no power.  
To succor them which alwaies honourd thee:  
Witnessse my Fathers and mine owne sad death,  
Who for our country spent our latest breath:  
But oh the chaines of dea:th do hold my young,  
Mine eyes wax dim I faynt, I faynt, I die.  
*O* Heauens help *Rome* in this extremity.

*Where:*





*of Julius Cæsar.*

Cass. Where shall I goe to tell the saddest tale,  
That ere the Romane young was forc'd to speake,  
Rome is ouerthrowne, and all that for her fought:  
This Sunne that now hath seen so many deaths,  
When from the Sea he heaued his cloudy head,  
Then both the armes full of hope and feare,  
Did waite the dreadfull trumpets fatall sound,  
And straight Revenge from Stygian bands let loose,  
Possessed had all hearts and banished thence,  
Feare of their children, wife and little home.  
Countryes remembrance, and had quite expeld,  
With last departed care of life it selfe:  
Anger did sparkell from our beautious eyes,  
Our trembling feare did make our helmes to shake,  
The horse had now put on the riders wrath,  
And with his hooches did strike the trembling earth,  
When Echalarian soundes then both g. n. meete:  
Both like enraged, and now the dust gins rise,  
And Earth doth emulat the Heavens cloudes,  
Then yet beutyous was the face of ciuell war:  
And goodly terror it might seeme to be,  
Faire shildes, gay swords, and goulden crests did shine.  
Their spangled plumes did dance for solity,  
As nothing priuy to their Masters feare,  
But quickly rage and cruell Mars had stayed,  
This shining glory with a sadder hew,  
A cloud of darter that darkened Heavens light,  
Horror instead of beauty did succeede.  
And her bright armes with dust and blood were foyld:  
Now *Lucius* fals, heare *Drusus* takes his end,  
Here lies *Hortensius*, weltring in his goare.  
Here, there, and every where men fall and die,  
Yet *Cassius* shew not that thy heart doth faynt:  
But to the last gasp for Romans freedom fight,  
And when sad death shall be thy labors end,  
Yet boast thy life thou didst for Country spend.

*Enter Anthony.*

*Ant. Queene of Revenge imperious Nemesis,*

I 2

That

*The Tragedy*

That in the wrinkels of thine angry browes,  
Wrapst dreadfull vengeance and pale fright-full death:  
Raine downe the bloody showers of thy reuenge,  
And make our swordes the fatall instruments,  
To execute thy furious bale-full Ite,  
Let grim deatli seate her on my Lances point,  
Which percing the weake armour of my foes,  
Shall lodge her there within thare coward brestes,  
Dread,horror,vengance,death, and bloody hate:  
In this sad fight my murthering sworde awaite.

*Exit*

*Enter Titinius.*

*Titin.* Where may I flie from this accursed soyle,  
Or shunne the horror of this dismal day:  
The Heauens are colour'd in mourning sable weedes,  
The Sunne doth hide his face, and feares to see,  
This bloody conflict; sad Catastrophe,  
Nothing but grones of dying men are heard:  
Nothing but bloud and slaughter may bee seene  
And death, the same in sundry shapes araid.

*Enter Cassius.*

*Cassi.* In vaine,in vaine, O Cassius all in vaine,  
Tis Heauen and destiny thou striuest against.

*Titin.* VVhat better hope or more accepted tydinges,  
Ist Noble Cassius from the Battell bringe:?

*Cass.* This haples hope that fates decreed haue,  
Philippi field mult bee our haples graue.

*Titin.* And then must this accurs'd and fatal day,  
End both our liues and Romane liberty:  
Mast now the name of freedome bee forgot,  
And all Romes glory in Thessalia end?

*Cassi.* As those that lost in boylsterous troublous seas,  
Beaten with rage of pillowes stormy strife:  
And without starres do sayle 'gainst starres and winde,  
In dreary darkenesse and in chereles night,  
Without or hope or comfort endles are:  
So are my thoughts deiceted with dismay,  
Which can nought looke for but poore Romes decay.  
But yet did Brutus live, did hee but breath?

*Ox*





*of Julius Cæsar.*

Or lay not slumbering in eternall night,  
His welfare might intuse some hope, or life:  
Or at the least bring death with more content:  
Wered I am through labour of the fight:  
Then sweete *Titinius*, range thou through the fiede,  
And either glad me with my friends successe,  
Or quickly tell mee what my care doth feare:  
How breathles hee vpon the ground doth lie,  
That at thy words, I may fall downe and die.

*Titin.* Cassius, I goe to seeke thy Noble friend,  
Heauen grant my goings haue a prosperous end.

*Cassi.* O go *Titinius*, and till thy returne,  
Heere will I sit disconsolate alone,  
*Romes* sad mishap, and mine ownē woes to moone:  
O ten times treble fortunate were you,  
VVhich in *Pharsalias* bloudy conflict dyed,  
VVith those braue Lords, now layed in bed of fame;  
VVhich neere protectē their most blessed dayes,  
To see the horror of this dismal fight,  
VVhy died I not in these *Æmathian* playnes,  
VVhere great *Domitius* fell by *Cesars* hand?  
And swift *Eurypus* downe his bloudy stremme  
Bare shieldes and helmes and traines of slaughter'd men,  
But Heauens referud mee to this luckles day,  
To see my Countries fall and friends decay.

But why doth not *Titinius* yet returne?  
My trembling heart misgives me what's besafne,  
*Brutus* is dead: I: herke how willingly  
The Ecco iterates those deadly words,  
The whisling windes wit' their mourning sound,

Do fill mine eares with noyse of *Brutus* death,  
The birdes now chanting a more cheerles lay,

In dolefull notes recordē my friendē decay.

And *P̄silomela* now forgets old wronges,  
And onely *Brutus* wayleth in her songes.

I heare some noyse, O tis *Titinius*,  
No tis not hee, for hee doth feare to wound,  
My greeued eares with that hearts-thrilling sound.

*The Tragedy*

Why dost thou feed my thoughts with lingering hope?  
Why dost thou then prolong my life in vayne?  
Tell me my sentence and so end my payne:  
He comes not yet, nor yet, nor will at all,  
Linger not *Cassius* for to heare reply,  
What if he come and tells me hee is slayne?  
That only will increase my dying paine,  
*Brutus* I come to company thy soule,  
Which by *Cocytus* wandreth all alone.  
*Brutus* I come prepare to mee thy friend  
Thy brothers fall proeures this balefull end.

*Enter Titinius.*

*Titi.* *Brutus* doth liue and like a second *Mars*,  
Rageth in heate of fury mongest his foes,  
Then cheere thee *Cassius*, loe I bring releefe.  
And news of power to ease thy stormy greefe,  
But see where *Cassius* weltreth in his blood,  
Doth beat the Earth, and yet not fully dead.  
O *Cassius* speake, O speake to me sweet friend,  
*Brutus* doth liue; open thy dying eyes,  
And looke on him that hope and comfort rings.  
Once, hee will not looke on mee but crycs,  
That by my long delayes he haples dies:  
Accursed villaine murtherer of my friend,  
Why hath thy lingering thus wrought? *Cassius* end,  
How cold thy care was to preuent this deed;  
How slow thy loue that made no greater speed,  
Care winged is, and burning loue can flye,  
My care was feareles, loue but flattery,  
But sithence in my life my loue was never shewne,  
Now in my death Ile make it to be knowne.  
Accursed weapon that such blood could spil,  
Nay cursed then the author of this deed,  
Yet both offended, both shall punished be,  
Ile take reueng of the knife, the knife of me,  
It shall make a passage for my life to passe,  
Cause through my life his master murthered was.  
And I on it againe will venged bee.

*Cause*





of Julius Caesar.

Cause it did worke my Cassius tragedy.  
Then this reueng shalbe to end my lite.  
Mine to distayne with baser blood the knife.

Enter Brutus the Ghost following him.

Bru. What doest thou still persecute me vgly fendl  
Is this it that thou thirsted for so much?  
Come with thy tearing clawes and rend it out,  
Would thy appeasēles rage be slacked with blood,  
This sword to day hath crunshen channels made,  
But heare's the blood that thou woudls drinke so fayne,  
Then take this percer, broch this trayterous heart.  
Or if thou thinkest death to small a payne,  
Drag downe this body to proud Erebus,  
Through black Cocynt and infernall Styx,  
Lethean waues, and fiers of Phlegeton,  
Boyle me or burne, teare my hatefull flesh,  
Deuoure, consume, pull, pinch, plague, paine this hart,  
Hell craues her right, and heere the furys stand,  
And all the hell-hounds compasse me a round  
Each seeking for a parte of this same prey,  
Alasse this body is leane, thin, pale and wan,  
Nor can it all your hungry mouthes suffice;  
O tis the soule that they stand gaping for,  
And endlesse matter for to prey vpon.  
Renewed still as Tuis pricked heart.  
Then clap your hands, let Hell with Ioy resound?  
Here it comes flying through this aer round.

Gho. Hell take their hearts, that this ill deed haue done  
And vengeance follow till they be ouercome:  
Nor liue t' applaud the iustice of this deed.  
Murther by her owne guilty hand doth bleed.

Enter Discord

Dif. I, now my longing hopes haue their desire,  
The world is nothing but a massie heape:  
Of bodys slayne, The Sea a lake of blood,  
The Furies that for slaughter only thirst,  
Are with these Massakers and slaughters cloyde,  
Tisiphones pale, and Megeras thin face,

Is

The Tragedy

I now pust vp, and swolne with quaffing blood,  
Caron that vled but an old rotten boate  
Must nowe a nauie rigg for to transport,  
The howling soules, vnto the *Stigian* stronde.  
Hell and *Elysium* must be digd in one,  
And both will be to little to contayne,  
Numberles numbers of afflicted ghostes,  
That I my selfe haue tumbling thither sent.

Gho. Now nights pale daughter since thy bloody ioyes,  
And my reuengfull thirst fulfilled are,  
Doe thou applaud what iustly heauenis haue wrought,  
While murther on the murtherers head is brought.

Dis. Cesar I pitied not thy Tragick end:  
Nor tyrants daggers sticking in thy heart,  
Nor doe I that thy deaths with like repayd,  
But that thy death so many deaths hath made:  
Now cloyde with blood, Ile hye me downe below,  
And laugh to thinke I caused such endlesse woe.

Gho. Sith my reuengis full accomplished,  
And my deaths causers by them selues are slaine,  
I will descend to mine eternall home,  
Where everlastingly my quiet soule,  
The sweete *Elysium* pleasure shall inioy,  
And walke those fragrant flowry fields at rest:  
To which nor fayre *Adonis* bower so rare,  
Nor old *Alcinous* gardens may compare.  
There that same gentle father of the spring,  
Mild *Zephirus* doth *Odours* breath diuine:  
Clothing the earth in painted brauery,  
The which nor winters rage, nor Scorching heate,  
Or Summers sunne can make it fall or fade,  
There with the mighty champions of old time,  
And great *Heroes* of the Goulden age,  
My dateles houres Ile spend in lasting ioy.



FINIS.







































THIS BOOK IS DUE ON THE LAST DATE  
STAMPED BELOW

AN INITIAL FINE OF 25 CENTS  
WILL BE ASSESSED FOR FAILURE TO RETURN  
THIS BOOK ON THE DATE DUE. THE PENALTY  
WILL INCREASE TO 50 CENTS ON THE FOURTH  
DAY AND TO \$1.00 ON THE SEVENTH DAY  
OVERDUE.

NOV 2 1933	
10 Mar 52 HL	REC'D LD
25 Feb 52 SEP 15 '64 - 5 PM	
14 Dec '63 SC	
IN STOCK	25 Nov '63
NOV 30 1963	
REC'D LD	REC'D LD
REC'D LD NOV 26 '64 - 4 PM	
DEC 16 '63 - 4 PM	
2 Aug '64 RH	3 MAR '65 LL
4 Sep '64 REC'D LD	
4 Sep '64 JUN 10 '65 - 5 PM	
NOV 21 1974 8 3 REC. CIR. AUG 2 3 '74	
	LD 21-100m-7-'33

U.C. BERKELEY LIBRARIES



CO30931333

263301

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA LIBRARY

